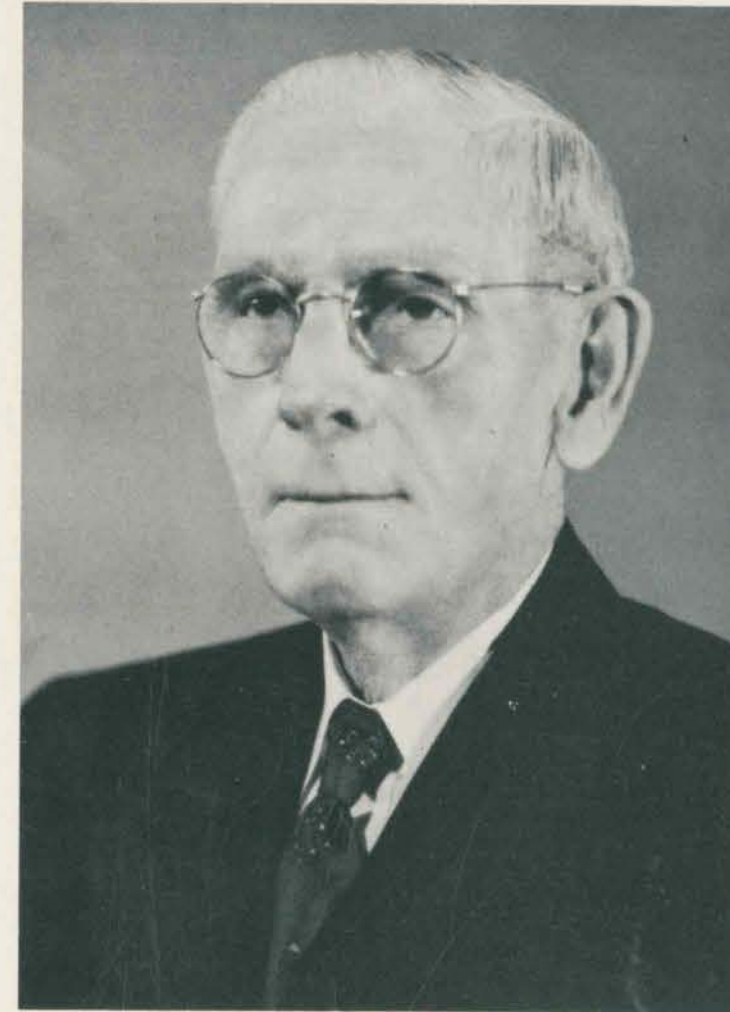
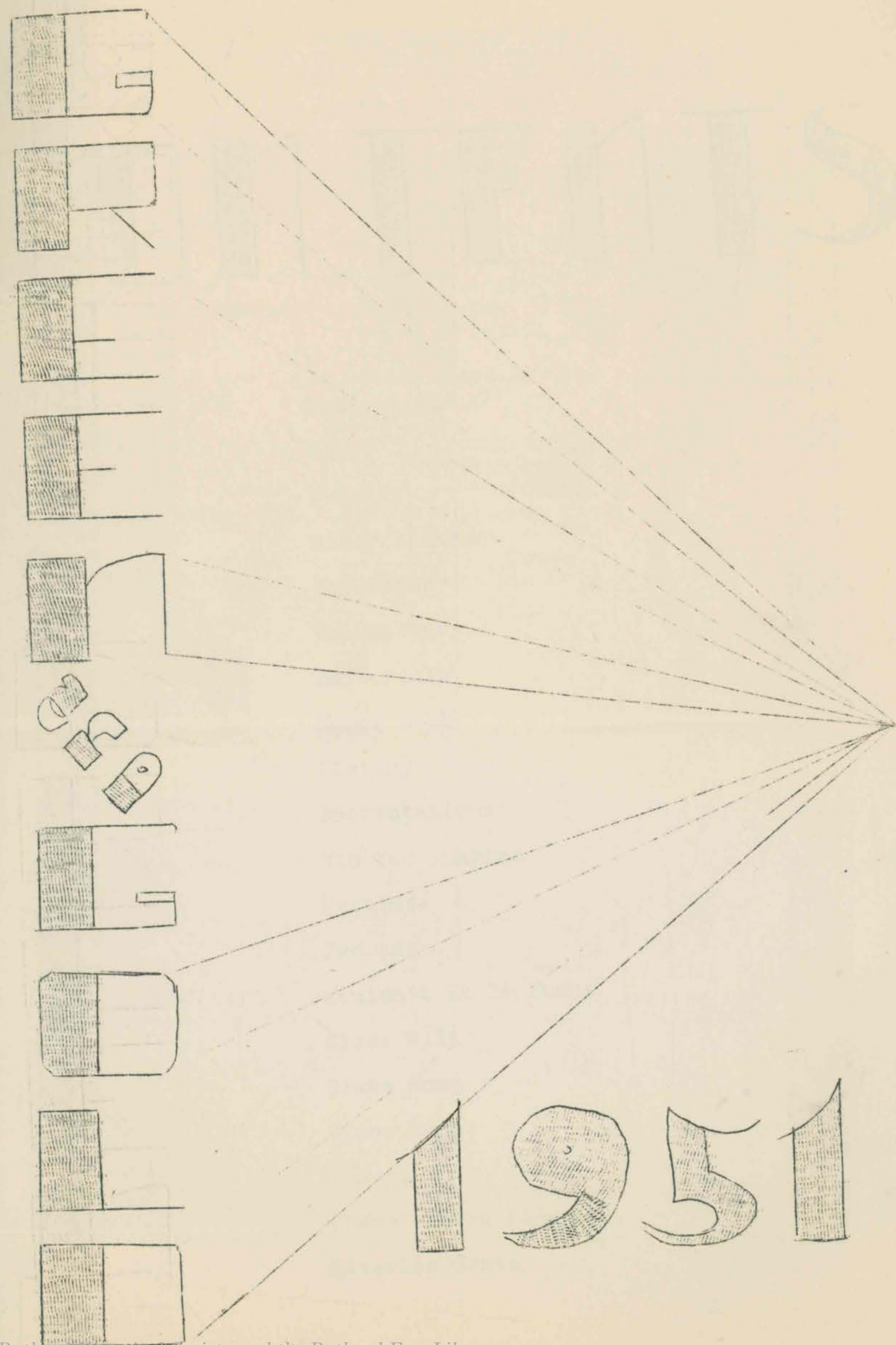


1951



We, the Class of 1951, proudly dedicate our
yearbook to Mr. Thomas Mullaney a member of
our School Board for forty years.



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This evening it is my privilege to extend to you in behalf of the class of 1951 a sincere and hearty welcome to our commencement exercises. This day so long anticipated has at last arrived and our hearts are swelling with happiness; yet, we cannot help feeling somewhat saddened at the thought of leaving our alma mater.

It is difficult to realize that before each one of us lies a path unknown, which must be paved by our individual steps. We are prepared to travel down this road with our heads high and our eyes on the goals we have set for ourselves. We are confident that the moral and social as well as the educational principles we have learned during our formative years will guide our steps.

At this time we wish to thank sincerely all our parents, teachers, and friends for all they have done, but we will endeavor to reflect credit upon them to the best of our abilities.

To you, our parents, we wish to say that your sacrifices have not been unappreciated. You have succeeded in your endeavor to give us a sound education, and we regret that we are unable to adequately express our sincere appreciation. Again we welcome you parents, teachers and friends, who have assembled here tonight to attend our graduation exercises.

Marion Tumiclowicz

Finimus Coepturi--We Finish to Begin

This evening climaxes an important phase of our education. As we leave, we are mindful of all that has been done for us and we will endeavor to be a credit to all those with whom we have been in association. We realize that our life's work is just beginning. Through the understanding guidance of parents, teachers, and friends, we have successfully passed thru our early development. Now it is completed and we begin the final phase.

Some of us will further our education, many will enter the service of our country, and others will go into the business world. All of us must now make our own decisions---others may advise, but we must decide.

The future will be a challenge to us as individuals. To our young people called upon to protect our American way of life, the struggle will not be an easy one, nor do the rest of us expect our tasks to be accomplished without effort. However, in all our hearts, there is an unspoken prayer that our futures may hold memories as dear and happy as these past as we--
Finimus Coepturi--We Finish to Begin

Claire Battles

EDITORIALS

"NURSE, PLEASE!"

"Nursing is one of the most beautiful and tender of all the arts of life."

There is a time in every girl's life when jumping-rope, hop-scotch, and big mamma dolls are her main worry. I had a glimpse of my possible profession the day I had my tonsils removed, upon reaching the ripe old age of eight years.

At the school clinic, everyone's tonsils were being checked. When my turn came, the nurse approached me with a sunny smile and a smooth flat stick.

"Open wide, and say 'AH', dear. That's right, say it good and loud. Enlarged," she said to her assistant.

As I stood watching this immaculately groomed person I thought, "Gee, but she looks nice, and she smells so sweet!" I wondered what it would be like to be dressed in a stiff white uniform, white shoes and stockings, and that adorable little cap with the black band fascinated me beyond words.

As time went on, I thought constantly about becoming a nurse, smelling like medicine all the time, wearing a rustling white uniform, and, oh yes, a blue cape with a bright red lining when it is cold. As I became older I realized I had been building up this nursing profession in a sphere all of my own. I began to analyze the principles underlying it. Every time I visited a hospital, the intoxicating odors that engulf it, sent a tingling sensation through my veins.

When I was in high school, there were many times, that I was undecided whether to become a nurse or not. As I thought of the hard work and obstacles that I must overcome, I changed my mind many times. There was a period when I had decided not to follow this profession. In the midst of my perplexity, my younger brother was seized with an attack of appendicitis. Being the only one at home with him at the time, the responsibility of helping him fell to me. After the crisis was over, everyone including myself breathed a profound sigh of relief. This incident really enlightened me as to what an honorable career nursing could be. Just the thought of having helped in some small way to relieve him

suffering made me want to become a nurse more than anything else in the world.

The next stepping stone is the selection of a school of nursing and gain acceptance, which is no small problem, believe me.. Naturally, I would like the best training possible. By writing to the American Nurses Association and requesting a list of the accredited training schools, the required information is promptly forwarded. Generally, the mail arrives in truckloads. One doesn't mind, sitting barely inches from the ceiling on the stacks of pamphlets and journals, happily thumbing through them---reading and dreaming.

Selecting a training school is only the beginning. Next is for them to accept you! After the joyous tidings of acknowledgement arrive, the succeeding days are spent taking tedious physical, mental, and aptitude examinations. So many "shots" are given to the prospective student, she can undoubtedly qualify as an understudy for a pincusion!

With spirits soaring, the student nurse embarks on her career with the thoughts of beginning a new life. She enters the portals of the nurses' home and pauses for a moment gazing with awe and pure exhilaration at the edifice which is to be home for the next three years.

In a great many respects, life in a nursing school is like that in a college or boarding school. Grades are considered, personal interviews are an important factor, and a person's adaptability is measured. The applicant must be at least eighteen years of age, and have the necessary academic and personal requirements. She must have a liking for people integrity, imagination, kindness, sympathy, a keen sense of humor, and above all the virtues of all virtues---PATIENCE.

One soon finds that nursing is more than just wearing a uniform and smiling at people. There is constant and endless studying, nerve wracking at times, but it usually pays dividends.

Roommates and friends share joys and sorrows, qualms about examinations, and trepidations of the first day of duty in the wards. There are class activities such as student organizations, clubs, dances, holiday parties which all in all seem to keep one well occupied.

Keeping up with the outside interest is important, too. The schools have their own particular traditions and customs, which make a girl feel she "belongs". There are professional associations also, where new friends are made and news and views on the world of nursing are exchanged.

On the sober or serious sides of the course are classrooms, library, and laboratories where students work and study. During the pre-clinical or probationary period, students spend

most of the time attending classes. They hear lectures, that are given by doctors, or nurse educators, and they also watch demonstrations and practice on make-believe patients. First contacts with real patients come when students go with their instructors to the hospital wards to put into practice the elementary nursing techniques they have learned in classes.

Once this introductory period is successfully mastered, the student wins the right to wear the coveted school cap. Then follows a carefully planned schedule of combined classroom work and supervised practice in the care of all types of patients. Such special services as Operating Room, outpatient department, and community health agency are a part of the courses of study. The program includes anatomy, physiology, chemistry, microbiology, elementary materia medica, and surgical nursing, and community health.

When the nursing career is completed and the excitement of graduation is a happy, hectic memory, the new graduate goes before the State Board of Nurse Examiners to prove, by examinations that she is qualified to write the hard earned initials of "R.N." (Registered Nurse), after her name.

From that proud moment on, the registered professional nurse becomes an essential member of a health team whose job is to protect, improve and expand world health. Nursing is a versatile profession and an expert nurse can "take it with her" to almost any community, state or nation in the world. An "R.N." is the "open-sesame" to an array of satisfying jobs.

While the majority of hospitals are general in character administering aid to patients in general, others care for special types only. Neuro-psychiatric, tuberculous, cancer, communicable diseases, orthopedic conditions, etc. Whether she serves in special or general hospitals a staff nurse can hold a position of great responsibility and trust. An efficient nurse is an asset to any situation. Branching out from the four main fields of nursing--hospital, public health, and education and private practice--are many alluring byways. For the nurse who has an urge to see the world, jobs are open in airlines, railroads and steamship lines. There are positions in foreign countries as missionary nurses, and public health, nurses. Whatever their field, there is always a welcome for a registered professional nurse.

Nursing education today meets, inevitably, the influence of rapid changes in the world's social structure. In common with other institutions, it must adapt itself of these change if nurses are to be successful in their adjustments to a society in which they are destined to fill a new and important place. At the same time nursing appears to have reached that stage in development ready to break through the chrysalis of an apprenticeship form of teaching and take its place among the professions.

While the hospital seems to be a central factor in an international scheme for public health, nursing is developing its own strength as a correlating factor in this many-sided and harmoniously in a constantly enlarging pattern of ideals for human well being. As the form of civilization changes, she must be sufficiently capable of changing with it. Her individual contribution to its beauty and success depends on the concept that she achieves of personal health, her cultural appreciations, capacity for creative thinking, and sensitiveness to new and higher aims.

The spirit of nursing defies capture of words. I believe its roots lie in the simple wanting to help humanity. The Florence Nightingale Fledge, every student must recite upon receiving her school cap illustrates this point.

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and I will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family matters coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and to devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

The spirit of nursing is service to others. If a person wants to serve another it is because she recognizes the value and sacredness of human life. Every patient, even to the least, is a trust---an entity of body, mind and soul, whose needs take priority over all else. This is the foundation, but the spirit reaches into every professional relationship, and act. Respect for value and sacredness of life cannot stop at the bedside. The respect for the trust and responsibility a nurse accepts in taking this pledge, carries far, for nursing today knows no bounds. The common cause is wanting to help, and showing partiality for human life through skill and knowledge.

Nursing one of the youngest professions, is among the first to recognize that those who serve are "one with each other", regardless of race, color, or creed. This too, in my opinion, is essential in the principles of nursing.

This spirit doesn't grow by itself. It develops by exercise and atrophies by disuse. It begins with wanting to aid mankind, grows into an abiding respect for sacredness of life, inspires a yearning to help the needy. It invigorates

and multiplies the usefulness of every resource. It is no fragile thing, but a most virile and enduring profession. Despite all hardships, sacrifices and obstacles one must overcome, nursing is a great profession and should give a definite sense of satisfaction to each and every individual in it.

Marie Wasik

BALSA BUTCHER

Picture, if you will, a hot sunny day with no clouds or breezes. This is the kind of day you look for the coolest part of the house and just want to take life easy even if it is only for a little while. But not all people share the same ideas. There are model fans, who on a day like this, pack up their equipment and flock to the open field where they will enjoy themselves for the whole day, usually. You may wonder who would venture out into this 98° heat. Well--he calls himself a "BALSA BUTCHER". You may wonder what a "BALSA BUTCHER" is. Well, he is a model airplane builder and flyer. I am one of many of these "BALSA BUTCHERS".

Paradise to him is the smell of burning menthanol, the high-pitched scream of the ultra small motors of the .045 cubic inch displacement, or the deep roar of the .600 cubic inch "monsters". He loves the sight of a free-flight model, drifting lazily in and out of the thermals at an altitude of nearly 500 feet. He thrills at the sight of a shiny, sleek, speed model traveling at close to 100 miles-per-hour. There are also those who like the sight of a control-line model doing aerobatics such as power dives, inverted flight, wing-overs, vertical 8's and horizontal 8's. The model builer lives in a world of miniature aeronautics.

The model builder is easily distinguished by his battered fingers (which many times have been caught in "props" doing between 15,000 and 20,000 revolutions per minute), dope stained clothes, blood shot eyes, upturned visor on his cap, and oil-smeared rags hanging from his back pockets. When someone mentions models his eyes light up like extra-hot glow plugs. The only figures he is interested in are those in the miles-per-hour column or in the seconds of flight time.

Now that you know more about him you may wonder where you can find one of these "Eight Wonders of the World". The first step is to find a dark, damp, dingy, ill-lighted, odor-filled cellar. The fumes you see floating around will be those of menthanol, dope, castor oil, and many unknown substances. In one corner of this "nest" you may find a workbench covered with scraps of balsa, torn plans, empty gas cans, broken knives, and other equipment. If you find what is mentioned above, the builder is sure to be somewhere nearby.

To carry on a conversation with one of these so-called people is a thrill that comes once in a lifetime. All walks of life have their own vocabulary, but none is as colorful as that of the model fan. One may run up to you and tell you that he took off the "pants" and gained five miles-per-hour. You may think he is ready for the "men in the white coats" but he really only means the wheel pants on his plane. If one should ask you, "How's the Spitfire?" don't say anything about your wife because he doesn't mean her. It's a model motor he is talking about. "Mr. Mulligan sure has a hot head. It's something awful to see him tear around after a high ball." That last sentence isn't gossip. The model fan is just referring to a plane motor and "prop". But all people do have a few words in common such as, rig-a-mig-jig, thing-a-ma-kek, do-dat, and what-ya-ma-call-it, which seem to round out all vocabularies.

On the day he is supposed to go flying, a Balsa Butcher, arises at 3:30, props two toothpicks under his heavy eyelids and has a bite to eat since once he is on the flying field, all his time will be occupied by his planes. After eating he collects his equipment--planes, boosters, tool chest, and, oh yes, gas. Many a model builder finds he can blush when he comes to fill his gas tank with the gas can on his workbench five or ten miles away. At 4:30 a car arrives packed to the running boards with men, tools, and equipment for flying. A peek into our friend's tool chest would be an adventure. In it you would find everything from a tachometer to a Boy Scout jack-knife. At 5:00 the troupe arrives at the field and starts to unload. These fellows are free flight fans, so the planes are all assembled and our friend seems to be having trouble. He flips the "prop" and gets a cough, sput, bang, pop! Is he disgusted!

Now as the sun pushes its way up in the east, the thermals (warm updraft) come to life. If a free flight model got caught in one of these, it's liable to go O.O.S. (out of sight). Most planes are fitted with dethermolizers which will send a plane down at the end of a certain length of time but they don't always work. These planes climb until the motor stops and then descend in a circle. The motor run is adjusted by a timer in the plane.

Our friend's motor is now running since he has removed the dirt from the needle valve. One of the fellows with a stop watch is called over and we are ready for a flight. The signal is given, the plane is launched, and it starts to climb into the wild blue yonder; but not very far. After two seconds the motor conks out. When our Balsa Butcher tries to start the motor again, it won't start. Now the mechanical genius of the builder comes out. First the motor comes out of the plane; then the dissection starts. Balls, gaskets, piston connecting rod, cylinder crank shaft, and back plate. Now that the motor is all apart, the disturbance is found and corrected. Again the motor sputters and pops. Why.

shouldn't it? The rotary valve is in backwards and a gasket has been left out! The time is now 9:00 A.M. Again the motor is started and it purrs like a six months old kitten. The plane is again launched into the wild blue yonder, and this time it climbs, climbs, climbs, and climbs, higher and higher and --OH! the timer wasn't set and there is a two ounce fuel tank full of gas.

By now the plane is just a speck on the horizon. Well, the field we are in is large. The only obstacle is a tall tree about 600 yards from where we are. Luckily the plane is equipped with a dethermolizer that will force it down in a little while. Yes, it's coming down, down, down! It's heading for that one tree.....Yes, it landed in it! Landed in THAT ONE TREE. By the time the plane is repaired, it is 2:00 P.M. and the sun is blazing down. This ending the best part of the flying day. All the equipment is picked up, all borrowed tools are returned; and all broken parts are loaded into a box.

The flyers start watching the control line flyers, and are sort of back seat pilots for the "Captive model" flyers.

At about 4:00 P.M. the thermals come into action, and again the free flight models fill the sky. The air is as thick as pea soup with all classes and sizes. Finally, the sun begins to flicker behind the mountains, and model fans are ready to go home.

As the sun sets in the west, we bid a fond adieu to the model builders of today, the world-wide known "Balsa Butchers"

Roger and Out.

Harry Erickson

FIFTEEN HUNDRED WORDS OR BURST!!

I ask no one to agree with me in my appraisal of what is worthwhile, but once I was told---"Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things. That is the path to happiness." How can a poor defenseless person possibly live up to this honorable piece of advice when he or she is most unpleasantly confronted with a very precisely unbearable obstacle? Especially one of the kind which I am most cruelly induced to overcome. Now, to stop beating around the bush, and to get to the point, I will blankly state that this heart-rending and definitely undelightful twist into troubles is the ever-dreaded senior essay.

In my design for living, I have been compelled to give foremost consideration to the necessity of earning a living. The ability to improve my standard of living has been a satisfaction and joy, and I make no apology for taking this materialistic view of life. But alas! I now discover--and even at a very tender age, when one is subject to great emotional strains, I find my downfall in prospect.

Now, at this time, I must make a candid confession. Did you ever notice what an exquisite technique some instructors possess when it comes to announcing these "trivial matters"? (quoted from a fatiguing lecture once given by this certain advisor). Why they can talk on the matter for hours. "It's a cinch," he would say, strutting up and down the classroom, "after all you are seniors!" I presume the spontaneity and informality of the subject was supposed to contribute to our gaiety--but to me it was sheer murder. "Well", he'd continue, "now, remember, give full attention to this undertaking and I am positive that the consequence of your careful selection and planning will be a marvelous essay." Previously I was not sure which was more exhausting--talking or listening--as of now, the latter is my choice. In my state of mortification, I came to the sad conclusion that I would detest this trouble maker for a rather long time. (Please excuse my rudeness--but I am not exactly in my holiday mood). To my relief I was later informed that this was only a pre-warning of the oncoming attack. I suppose the advisor felt that it was his duty to forward some commendable advice. As far as I was concerned--he could have kept it to himself. Heavens! after this, Utopia now seems farther away than ever.

As time elapsed, my intuition began to remind me that trouble was brewing. Yes, the blow arrived on time. Tell me, what can a forgotten entity like me choose to do? When an ever-guiding instructor (or at least that's what I have been told they were) bursts into class and madly confronts me with a melodious bit of information--"Senior essays are due on March thirtieth. Please forward intelligent, sensi-

ble and readable material.--Oh! yes, class, the minimum requirement is fifteen hundred words." "Honestly, without exaggeration, I was revived by a buzzing sound in my ears. You're right, the ever-welcomed bell. Right now I felt as though I had experienced the atom blast or (to be most exact) an upheaval by the hydrogen bomb.

During my depression, I took solace in the thought that if circumstances compelled it, I might be able to delve into some strange sickness and fake a complete mental lapse, then I certainly would be in no position to fulfill this forsaken assignment. (I won every argument I ever had with myself and I am sure I will be the victor this time as well). I once heard---"When you get an ailment you have never heard of before and begin talking about it, you find that every third person has had it personally and that every second person has a relative who is a victim right now---well, as of this moment I have discovered that I am suffering from the symptoms of "senior essayitis". However, this illness is something that can be controlled, for I am somewhat in proportion to convenience. I am compelled to believe that the fever of this sickness reaches its peak during classroom hours because I find it simply impossible to follow any line of reasoning during that time.

However, all was going too well. Just as soon as I make a good resolution, I get into a situation which makes its observance impossible. By now, I am so distorted that I would cheerfully trade my life for any other. Swamped and perplexed, my brain refused to fulfill its duty. I felt beaten and didn't care what would become of me, so long as it would be a change for the better. As one can see, I have tried all sorts of ways to get out of this chamber of tortures---but the general conclusion is, that the more time I give myself, the less accomplished. Now this "matter of life and death" made it necessary for me to clear my mind of airy nonsense and to put my intellectual digestions into operation. Morning, noon, and night essay topics marched in and out of my thinking factory. I ate, slept, and drank essay topics. I even "talked" essay topics, but the results were pathetically ineffective. This monstrous essay had me beaten. It seemed to be like an organism with a blood stream and a brain of its own, fighting my every effort. Time marched on, panic and frets began to seize my intellect. March thirtieth was exactly twenty four hours away. My shallow brain still labored without a stimulant.

It has taken the better part of a lifetime for me to reach the sad conclusion that my cynicism and laziness was certainly a folly, but they say follies into every business--and they certainly edged and nicely squeezed themselves into my affairs. But to admit that I have suffered great miseries as a result of this "trivial matter" would be to belittle one's own choice and to suffer personal humiliation. Therefore I boldly rose to face the issue. I

hereby took my pen and wrote. (By the way, it was easier said than done). I kept reminding myself that great writers saw no dignity in work that involved unnecessary drudgery therefore it was necessary for me to stop bickering. I once read that fools in their blundering way, have traveled quite a distance and made unusual progress--so as of now--I am beginning to feel rather foolish. (I hope it clicks in my case).

Feverishly and energetically, I plunged into setting up dots and curves, these in turn made up phrases, and consequently the phrases were supposed to make up my essay. More and more I realized that time hung on too thin a thread.

Protected by the assurance that I had something done, I disregarded all brambly indifference and worked and struggled on. I was comforted by the idea that I would meet the morrow unafraid and unashamed. I wrote violently, and suffered quietly. Sweat drizzled down my forehead in torrents and the palpitation of my heart quickened. Thus I continued until to my amazement and utter exhaustion, I realized that the long awaited completion was in sight. Nature was careful to give everyone of us enough conceit to like ourselves just a bit more than anyone else, but now, I actually loved myself. I didn't know whether to cry out of exultation, swoon, or just merely collapse.

Since every man makes his own estimate, I now feel as if I was walking with a brake under my right foot and a clutch under my left. There is only one thing that I fear. I am due for a great crash with my dear friend-the instructor-who will cheerfully confront me with my essay beautifully adorned with a rejection slip.

Dear Lord!---Make him have mercy on me!!

Paulie Orzech

WHAT A GLORIOUS DAY!

It was on this beautiful, serene August morn, c : and bright, that my cousin Marion and I decided to take a bicycle ride. The birds were chirping merrily, while the cool soft breeze was winging its way through the treetops to place the temperature at a comfortable 70°. More than once, Marion and I have fancied a "real" bicycle trip. Our destination was not settled upon, but we began our preparation with fine spirits.

On this particular trip, energy was the factor that would keep us going. So with intense excitement, we prepared our lunch--hot dogs, marshmallows, etc. We outfitted ourselves in cool cotton jerseys and slacks. Our mothers made sure we took sweaters in case there was a sudden change in the weather or the breeze would become a little too frisky.

Well, now we were all set for the adventure. It was exactly 10:30 a.m. The bicycles were all re-checked to insure us of their reliable service. For the first hour the road was familiar--yes, even the bumps. We traveled for about ten miles along the shady country road. Great joy surged through us as we sped upon new roads surrounded by slopes, meadows, and farmhouses. As we rode along, we approached a sign--Road Construction - 7 miles. Now this mileage is a long way considering that the trip was on bicycles. Nevertheless, with our carefree spirits, we considered an obstacle of such a nature a part of this adventure. Bumpety-bump for four miles! Then--oh no-- the screws on my bicycle basket were loosening. Viewing the rugged hills ahead, we started to walk leisurely; yes, bicycles at our side. The road was stony but we pushed forward. Just then, I noticed that my back tire was losing a great deal of air and that brought on a sudden fear within me. The thought that we would soon approach a garage encouraged me. By now our mouths felt sand dry, our throats throbbed, and the desire for a drink was increasing. To be truthful, at this moment we were fagged out. Pausing for a moment, we heard the trickling of a brook. Gazing around, we spied a babbling stream. How delicious the first sip tasted! Feeling refreshed, we resumed our journey with renewed vigor.

On and on we glided along--now on smooth tar road. Getting together on the idea that we were both starved, we decided to look for a place where we could eat and rest our weary bones. We finally located it and began to get busy looking for wood for a fire. It was a perfect spot--tall maples marching right down the narrow stream; a profusion of fragrant shrubs and wild flowers growing on the hills. The cool, comfortable breeze made ripples on the water and the ragged height of the mountains seemed only a stone's throw away. It only took a few minutes and we had everything

prepared. The fragrance of the sizzling hot dogs and the toasted marshmallows was beyond description. Soon our ravenous appetites were satisfied. We snapped pictures of this place for future reminiscing.

Oh! what a glorious day! Fall was actually on its march. A baby grey squirrel sat amid the golden and scarlet leaves that were fluttering to the ground. As white tinted clouds lolled aimlessly toward the east, the summer birds fluttered southward. These clouds seemed like small and large boats sailing along and trailing each other across the open azure sky. We watched the golden grasses form waves in the timid breezes. Everything appeared to be so peaceful and gay. We found peculiar plants of various sizes and colors. Scrutinizing a few, we reached a conclusion that each possessed its own individual beauty. What a wonderful world!

Sitting around would not bring us to Poultney, so we decided to proceed on our journey. The first information sign that we encountered was in South Poultney. It could we really be that close to Poultney? Now everything was working out marvelously--a flawless road, our recently renewed pep, and our nearness to our destination.

After admiring the beautiful, colorful homes with their spacious lawns, large majestic trees, and the colorful flower beds, we decided to visit our friends. The warmth of the reception extended us by these wonderful friends was greatly appreciated by us, the vagabonds.

At 5 o'clock our thoughts turned to the journey home. The sun sank lower and lower. Nightfall was creeping up slowly. The crickets chattered constantly in the bushes and sometimes the gay, raucous squawk of the crows came over the hill. The sky was beautiful. There were many picturesque hues of blue, pink, aqua, green, etc. These colors blended into numerous forms. Anyone could procure a lovely scene from the sky. The sun was already hidden behind the huge mountain but still, the radiant rays from it shone to furnish a perfect background for the sky colors.

Homeward we traveled slowly. We had no ambition to admire anything but just to get to that --seemingly far-- home. Finally at 8:00 p.m. we arrived home with swollen feet and aching legs, and to put it bluntly--dead tired. Nevertheless, that wasn't too bad; look what we had to our credit--a forty-mile bicycle trip. Oh! what glorious day!

Therese Tretowicz

HONOR ROLL

VALEDICTORIAN

Claire Margaret Battles

SALUTATORIAN

Marion Regina Tumielewicz

HIGH HONORS

Claire Margaret Battles

Marion Regina Tumielewicz

Pauline Julie Orzech

Theresa Marie Tretowicz

Marie Therese Wasik

HONORS

Violet Maie Brown

Raymond Walter McNamara

Janet Monica Stomper

Robert Vernon Johnson

Mary Theresa Taran

Kathleen Frances Fitzsimmons

Janet Mae Parker

Robert Patrick Young



Eleanore Louise Baginski
General

"Buggy"

J.V. Cheerleader 2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3
Green and Gold News Staff 2,3,4; Pro-
duction 2,3; Cartoon 2,3,4; Yearbook
Art Editor; Fashion Show 1,2; Home Ec
Club 1,2,3,4; Softball

Eleanore, our humorist, you will always see
Gay and carefree as can be--
Cracking jokes and scurrying about
Making everyone laugh aloud.



Betty Arlene Balch
Commercial

"Betty"

Basketball 1, Green&Gold News, Staff
Feature Ed, Yearbook Photo Ed., Color
Committee; Fashion Show 2; Home Eco-
nomics Club 1.

Vivacious, with an ever ready smile,
Eyes that hold a twinkle for all
And a disposition you can't
Make up Betty.



Claire Margaret Battles
College Preparatory

"Claire"

Valedictorian; High Honors; Varsity
Cheerleader 4, sub.3; J.V. Cheerleader
3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2; G & G
News, Staff 1,2,3; Typist 1,2,3; Co-
Editor Yearbook, Typist, Business and
Circulation, Production, Sales; Motto
Committee; Statistics, Athletic Play 4
Class Song, Words; Prize Speaking 3;
Fashion Show 1,2; Softball; Home Ec
Club 1,2,3,4; Senior Play.

Our tall, graceful blonde
With school spirit up to par--
Of her leadership we are fond
She will certainly succeed by far.



Violet Maie Brown "Blondie"
Commercial

Honors; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2
Green & Gold News, Typist, Production
Staff; Yearbook, Associate Ed; Typist
Production; Motto Committee.

Violet has proven to us all
That if you strive whole-heartedly you'll seldom fail
And we hope she'll always retain her capability
Of industriousness and dependability.



Josephine Frances Chapla "Jo"
General

Green and Gold News, Sales Staff 2,3
Cartoons 3, Typist 3; Yearbook, Bus-
iness and Circulation, Color Committee
Class Will; D.A.R. Girl; Girl's State
Fashion Show 2; Sec-Treas. 3, Home Ec
Club 4; Softball 2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3
4; Senior Play.

She's our little personality chick
With sparkle and a pleasant smile
Everything about her is mighty slick
Especially her sporty style.

Thomas Egan "Tom"
College Preparatory

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 3; Green
and Gold Sales 2; Yearbook, Business
and Circulation; Motto Committee 4;
Vice President 4; Pastimes 4.



Tom, our boy from Castleton
Enjoys himself, has lots of fun,
He takes his time, never hurries
Says he, "It's the easiest way to rid worries."



Harry William Erickson "Erickson"
Commercial

Concert 3, Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Year-
book, Photo Ed.; Motto; Alphabet; Ath-
letic Play 4; Basketball 3,4; Base-
ball 3.

Harry is a rather bashful Swede
A real good guy. Indeed
His presence with us everyday
Has made situations bright and gay.



Sven Erickson "Sven"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Green and Gold
Newspaper, Production.

Some people think he's bashful
Others think he's shy.
It's not that he's bashful
He's just a quiet guy.

Ronald Fadden "Ronnie"
Commercial

Football 2; Baseball 2, Glee Club 1,
2,3.



Who's that walkin' round the town?
With Ned and Harry is always found.
A quiet fellow with little to say;
Good Luck, Ronnie, happy days.



James Fitzgerald "Jimmy"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3; G&G Production 3,4;
Newspaper 2,3,4; Yearbook

East, west, south, or north
No matter where, Jimmy comes forth
In Clarkie's car he oft can be seen
Always ready more friends to glean.



Theodore Edward Hector "Teddy"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3; Football 2,3; Base-
ball 1,2,3; G&G Sales 2,3,4; Produc-
tion 2,3; Yearbook Production; Alpha-
bet 4; Special Committees 2,3.

Ted, a tall and handsome boy
Whose only wish is to enjoy
Friendships, happiness, and success
To him we wish the very best.



Kathleen Fitzsimmons "Katie"
College Preparatory

Honors; Varsity Cheerleader 3,4; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2,3; Green and
Gold News Staff 1,2,3; Typist 1,2,3;
Yearbook, Lit. Ed., Typist, Business
Circulation; Athletic Play 3,4;
Fashion Show 1,2; Freshmen Reception
Committee; Home Ec Club 1,2,3; Senior
Play.

Her name is Katie, she's pretty bright
A swell little cheerleader, too.
She made the honor roll, she must be bright
That's more than some can do.



Dolores Barbara Hyjek "Dolly"
General

Concert 2,3; Year Book, Special Fea-
tures; Fashion Show 2; Home Ec Club 1
2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G News;
Production.

Her voice is soft, her manners please,
She'll never fail with traits like these
Her code was never to offend
And every creature was her friend.



Helen Haven "Gypsy"
Commercial

J.V. Cheerleader 3; Concert 2,3; Solo
2,3; G&G News, Staff 3,4; Production
3,4; Typist 3,4; Yearbook, Typist
Pastimes, Dance Committee, Fashion
Show 1,2; Home Ec 1,2,3,4; Softball 2
Glee Club 1,2,3,4.

A winsome smile, a saucy curl
A witty, friendly, carefree girl
A mischievous lass is she,
Always full of rascality.



Jacqueline Jacobs "Jackie"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3; G&G News 4; Yearbook
Business & Circulation; Fashion Show
1,2; Softball 2.

Ever friendly, jolly too
Only if we had more like you,
We grant that she had much wit
Nor was she shy of using it.



Edward Adolph Johnson "Ned"
Commercial

Basketball 2; Football 1; Baseball 4
Glee Club 1,2,3; Green and Gold News-
paper, Sales 2,3; Yearbook, Business
and Circulation; Athletic Play 4.

A boy who often seems so quiet
But many a time he's quite a riot.
He makes the world a friendly place
By always showing a pleasant face.



Robert Vernon Johnson "Bob"
General

Honors; Basketball 3; Football 2,3,4
Glee Club 1,2,3; Green and Gold News-
paper, Sales 2,3; Yearbook, Business
and Circulation; Athletic Play 4; Con-
cert 3; History, President 4, Senior
Play 4; Presentations.

Bob, the president of our class
Has made a hit with many a lass,
With a ready smile and ability
His dreams must be reality.



Joseph Stanley Kasprzak "Kasper"
College Preparatory

Basketball 1,2,3; Baseball 2,3; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2,3; Soloist 2
Dance Committee 4; Color Committee 4;
Athletic Play 3,4; Senior Play.

Of all the musicians in all the world
Joe is our most precious treasure
Music makes him wise, and brings to him
His best, his choicest pleasure.



Valentine Kaszuba "Scrap Iron"
College Preparatory

Baseball 1,2,3,4; Football 1,3,4;
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4;
G&G News Sales 1,2,3,4; Production 1,
2,3,4; Yearbook Production.

Along trots Valentine Kaszuba
Always singing "Halls of Montezuma"
Sorrow now is out of sight
Every heart filled with delight.



Catherine Cecilia Kearney "Kitty"
College Preparatory

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G News Staff 1,2
3; Typist 1,2,3; Yearbook Typist;
Business & Circulation; Production;
Librarian 4; Fashion Show 2; Home Ec
Club 1,2,3;

She is quiet, peaceful and sincere
Three qualities of which you seldom hear,
Modest as her blushing shows
Happy as her smiles discloses.



Margaret Theresa Kearney "Margaret"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G News Typist;
Production 4; Yearbook Production;
Softball 2,3; Softball Co-Captain;
Home Ec Club 3.

We finally finished our schooling
And "Maggie" sure is glad,
But she will miss the softball
And all the fun she had.



Joseph LaPlaca
Commercial

"Jose"

Football 1,2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3;
Manager 4; Baseball 1,2,3,4; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 3; G&G News
Sales; Production 1,2,3,4; Yearbook
Production.

One stands out before the crowd
Well known is he to us all,
Amidst laughter and gaiety, oh so loud
Joe can be heard thru the whole study hall.



Thomas Edmund LaPlaca
Commercial

"Timmer"

Glee Club 1,2,3; Concert 3; Quartet 2
G&G Production 2,3; Yearbook Business
and Circulation; Boy's State 3; Ath-
letic Play 4; Stage Manager 2,3,4;
Freshman Reception Committee 2; Treas.
1; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 1,2,3
4; Baseball 1,2,3,4;

He's out star of the basketball team
On the court he sure is a whiz
I'm sure you know what we mean
Because everyone knows who "Timmer" is.



James Patrick Leamy
College Preparatory

"Toutie"

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 1,2,3,4;
Baseball 1,2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3; G&G
Sales 2,3; Production 1,2; Yearbook
Production; Stage Manager 2,3,4;
Freshman Reception Committee 2.

Without hurry, without flurry
Jimmy doesn't ever scurry
But one so pleasant and gay as he,
Our dearest friend will always be.



Anna Lucy Marchinkoski
Commercial

"Nunie"

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Green and Gold
Newspaper, Production, Typist; Year-
book Production; Fashion Show 1,2,3.

Her reason firm, her temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill
Gentleness, virtue, wisdom, endurance
These are the seals of firm assurance.



Raymond McNamara
College Preparatory

"Mack"

Honors; Basketball 1, 2; Manager 3;
Football 1,2,3,4; Baseball, Manager 3
Glee Club 1,2,3; Concert 2; Quartet 2
Yearbook, Business and Circulation
Manager; Class Poem; Librarian; Stage
Manager 3.

We all love a boy we can trust
Gentle, honest, kind, and just
With Ray this is always a must
Yet for glory and power he has no lust.



James Francis Mumford
College Preparatory

"Chesty"

Basketball 1,2,3; Football 1, 3, 4;
Baseball 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Concert 2, G & G Production 1; Year-
book Production, Sports; Librarian 1
2; Athletic Play 2,3,4; Senior Play.

With a spry, sharp strut
Smart clothes--nothing but
That's Chesty, our class actor
He hopes some day to be a doctor.



Robert Joseph Noonan "Skinny"
Commercial

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 1,2,3,4
Baseball 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3;
Concert 3; Quartet 2; Production
Yearbook; Stage Manager 4; Yearbook
Sports.

It is easy enough to resolve, 'tis plain
That Skinny much honor will gain
His charming personality and laughing heart
Will never be able to keep us apart.



Irene Obara *Popksti* "Anty"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2,3; G&G
News Typist; Staff 3,4; Production 3
4; Fashion Show 3,4; Softball 2;
Home Ec Club 3;

Who's that girl with the nonchalant strut
With natural curly hair and eyes that gleam.
You think you have guessed but--
But, of course, its our little lass, Irene.



Pauline Julie Orzech "Polka"
College Preparatory

High Honors; Varsity Cheerleader 2,3
4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2,3;
Green and Gold Staff 2,3; Production
Typist 2,3; Yearbook Co-Editor; Bus.
and Circulation Typist; Production;
Athletic Play 3,4; Senior Play; Home
Ec Club 1,2,3,4; Treasurer 3; Fashion
Show 1,2; Softball 2;

Pauline is a pretty, golden blonde,
Needless to say of her we are fond,
Like an island on the sea
Stands her personality.



Helen Viola Parker "Pete"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3; Green and Gold News
Sales, Production; Yearbook, Business
and Circulation, Fashion Show 3; Soft-
ball 2.

Helen possesses a wonderful asset
That is--to be truthful to everyone,
And all of us that she has met
Will always remember that.



Janet Mae Parker "Jan"
General

Honors; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2
3; Soloist 2,3; Quartet 2; Accompanist
G & G News, Staff 1,2,3; Production 1
2,3; Yearbook, Feature Editor; Song-
Music; Fashion Show 1,2; Freshmen Re-
ception Committee; Vice President 3;
Home Ec Club 2,3; Senior Play.

The keys slide seiftly through her hands
And quick as lightning to aid she stands,
Eyes that twinkle, an infectious grin,
Janet is always bound to win.



Frances Ann Pawlusiak "Franny"
Commercial

Varsity Cheerleader 4; Concert 2, 3;
Glee Club 1,2,3; Green and Gold News
3,4; Staff 3,4; Typist 3,4; Production
Yearbook, Typist; Dance Committee 4;
Fashion Show 1,2; Senior Play.

Our Franny dresses really prim
Her clothes are always in style,
And the boys say her dancing is trim
But we know she wins them with her smile.



Ronald Royal Potter "Ronnie"
College Preparatory

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 2,3,4;
Baseball 1,2,3,4; Concert 3; Glee
Club 1,2,3; Class Will; Sports; G&G
News 4; Senior Play.

A boy who is earnest and faithful too,
In every task he is given to do
For this we choose Ronny, yes indeed,
Consoling and ready in every need.



Joseph Pryzbyto "Joey"
Commercial

Basketball 3,4; Football 3,4; Base-
ball 3,4; Yearbook business and
Circulation; Production; Senior Com-
mittee for Dance.

Two kinds of people we meet everyday
One is at work, one is at play
Our Joe is both, needless to say
Always so happy, always so gay.

Elizabeth Putnam "Betty"
Commercial



Glee Club 1,2,3; Yearbook Photo Com.
Fashion Show 1,2; G&G Typist; Produc-
tion; Softball 2,3;

Betty, the girl with bubbling laughter
Is one of the sporty kind,
She likes to wear dungarees
And basketball games are her pastime.



Charlotte Ann Sevigny "PeeWee"
Commercial

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Green and Gold,
News, Production 4; Yearbook, Business
and Circulation, Librarian 2, Fashion
Show 1, Softball 2,3, Co-Captain 2,3;
Home Ec Club 1,2,3.

We all know "Pee Wee" for her cute sense of humor
Wherever she is there is a roar of laughter
But she's beginning to wonder, "What good is humor?"
Where can she use it after?



Leona Marie Sobotka "Lee"
General

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Green and Gold,
Staff 1,2,3; Sales, Production, Typist
Yearbook, Business and Circulation
Sales, Production; Special Committees
1,2,3; Advertising for plays 3,4.

We hear Leona is very fond of Chemistry
At least she gets a big "bang" out of it.
We all hope we'll graduate
Before Leona makes a "direct hit".

Janet Monica Stomper "Jan"
Commercial



Honors; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 1
2,3; Green and Gold News, Staff, Pro-
duction, Typist; Yearbook, Typist 4;
Fashion Show 1,2.

Janet is always co-operative
And always strives to give
All her time with a merry smile
To work that is worthwhile.



Mary Theresa Taran "Terry"
General

Honors; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G News;
Staff 3,4; Yearbook Typist; Prophecy
Athletic Play 4; Fashion Show 1,2;

Mary, with her personality winning,
Will make a nurse supreme.
As a white uniform for trimming,
Will make her patients' eyes gleam.



Therese Marie Tretowicz "Therese"
Commercial

High Honors; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G
News Staff; Concert 2; Accompanist 3
Typist; Production; Yearbook Asso.
Editor; Typist; Statistics; Fashion
Show 1,2; Home Ec. Club 1,2,3;

Therese loves to be active
Dancing, rollerskating, and biking
During the winter or the summer
There are always sports to her liking.



Marion Regina Tumielewicz "Mary"
College Preparatory

Salutatorian, High Honors; Glee Club
1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Quartet 2; G&G
News Staff 1,2,3; Typist 1,2,3; Year-
book Lit. Editor; Typist; Business &
Circulation; Production; History;
Athletic Play 4; Senior Play; Class
History; Secretary 4; Home Ec Club 1
2,3,4; Fashion Show 1,2.

Marion is intelligent, efficient
And possesses great poise
Throughout the years we've known her
She's brought us great joys.



Joseph Charles Warzocha "Porky"
College Preparatory

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 1,3,4;
Baseball 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4;
Concert 2; G&G Staff 3, Yearbook Pro-
duction; Secretary 3; Treasurer 4.

Porky, Porky he's our man,
If he can't do it nobody can
Lean 'n lanky 'n not too tall,
Why then, "Porky" do they him call?



Marie Therese Wasik "Marie"
College Preparatory

High Honors; Varsity Cheerleader 3,4;
J.V. Cheerleader 1,2; Glee Club 1,2,3
4; Concert 2,3; Quartet 2; G&G News;
Staff 2,3; Typist 2,3; Yearbook Lit.
Editor; Typist; Business & Circulation
Production; Motto; Athletic Play 3,4;
Senior Play; Fashion Show 1,2; Vice-
President 1, Home Ec Club 1,2,3,4;
Home Ec Club Pres;3; Softball 2;

Efficiency in her work
And always a fine sport
She's here, She's there, She's everywhere
Of life's good gifts she'll get her share.



Joseph Peter Wilk "Snitzzy"
Commercial

Baseball 2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3; G&G
Sales 2; Production 2,3; Yearbook Bus;
and Circulation; Special Com. 2,3.

Perhaps you may think that he is shy
Yet thru deepest riddles he can spy,
Anything about mechanics to him is plain
Yet our wise, and clever Joe, is not vain.



Josephine Ramona Witham
General

"Jo"

J.V. Cheerleader 3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G News Staff 2,3; Production 3,4; Typist 3,4; Yearbook Typist; Home Ec. Club 1,2,3,4; Fashion Show 1,2; Freshman Reception Committee; Softball.

Josie, always so lively and gay
Bringing remarks that erase your worries away.
For she figures that life is short--
So why make life of the worrying sort.



Robert Patrick Young
College Preparatory

"Bob"

Basketball Ass't. Manager 2,3,4; Football 1; Baseball Ass't. Manager 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Concert 2,3; Quartet 2,3; G&G Production 1,2,3; Yearbook Sales; Business and Circulation; Athletic Play 2,3,4; Senior Play; Prize Speaking 1,2; Honors; Sports Editor.

Vim, vigor, vitality too,
Never sorry, never blue
Here's a fellow who never frowns
He takes in his stride, life's ups and downs.

HISTORY

The long-awaited summer of 1947 had blossomed forth in all its splendor. Never was a summer so joyously welcomed! It meant, not only three months of fun, but in the fall we would enter high school. How we looked forward to this momentous occasion.

The summer rolled by swiftly as all summers do, and on a crisp September morning the Freshmen Class, all 65, marched into the beautiful white marble building known to all as West Rutland High School. Hoping to make a good impression on the upper classmen and the faculty, we were loaded down with books, papers, pencils, and erasers.

Upon viewing us, the shy and timid Freshmen, the upper classmen immediately began scheming and preparing for the dreaded Freshmen Reception. The initiation was a huge success and everyone enjoyed listening to Tom Laplace singing "When You and I Were Young Maggie" to Margaret Kearney as they paraded around the gym. Will we ever forget Jim Leamy in his cute little bonnet being fed milk from a bottle by Leona Sobotka! We never realized Leona was the motherly type. What a hectic week with the upper classmen taking advantage of their special privileges.

Class elections were held and our first class officers were:

President	Jean Seaward
Vice-President	Marie Wasik
Secretary-Treasurer	Thomas Laplace

During the football season the following students participated: Tom Laplace, Jim Leamy, Bob Noonan, Raymond McNanara, Val Kaszuba, and Jim Mumford.

The Freshmen were in for a new experience--mid-year exams. Our books really received a workout then. Due to intensive studying the night before, many Freshmen were heavy-eyed the following morning.

The coming of the first robin immediately turned all male fancies toward baseball. On the diamond our class was represented by Val Kaszuba, Jim Mumford and Tom Laplace.

The Annual Prize Speaking Contest under the direction of Mr. Francis Robillard brought forth much hidden talent. Robert Young and Jim Mumford put on excellent performances. Jim received the prize for his comic selection, "Tuss on a Bus".

With the hustle and bustle of graduation exercises, we ended our first exciting year. We were swept out with the annual cleaning of West Rutland High School.

The gaiety of the annual Rutland Fair marked the end of our vacation. As we dusted off our books, we wondered what our second year would be like. It proved to be somewhat different because we were veterans of a year and now held the enviable title of "Sophomores".

We enjoyed our station and were eager to try out our ideas of torture on the recruits at the Freshmen Reception. This reception was a grand affair and everyone had fun including the Freshmen. They were put through their paces by Josephine Witham, Janet Parker, Kathleen Fitzsimmons, Tom LaPlaca, George Pritchard, and Jim Leamy.

Our class was effectively represented by Pauline Orzech on the Varsity Cheering Squad.

The smell of burning leaves brought thoughts of the gridiron. The flashing pigskin induced many Sophomores to display their skills. James Leamy, Tom LaPlaca, John Frac, Ronald Potter, Raymond McNamara, Robert Noonan, Bob Johnson and Ted Hector were the lettermen from our class.

The Athletic Play under the direction of Mr. Francis Robillard was soon underway with the comedy production of "Roberta and the Bandit". The rising stars of our class were Robert Young and James Mumford. A sensational performance! The audience really shook the town hall!!

Everyone looked forward to the local popular sport--basketball. Our boys distinguished themselves as potential material in their junior varsity games. The varsity team had a successful season but lost a heartbreaker to St. Michaels of Brattleboro by the narrow score of 42-34.

As soon as the sun became warm and bright, the bats, gloves, and baseballs were hauled out of storage, and Mr. Hinchey, our coach, put his athletes into shape with the usual intensive training period. The lure of the diamond had Tom LaPlaca, Jim Leamy, Ted Hector, Jim Mumford, and Val Kaszuba swinging, pitching, and fielding. Ray McNamara acted as manager.

The trills of the spring birds were echoed in the study

hall as the students began practicing for the concert under the direction of Miss Bliss. The majority of the Sophomore Class comprised the chorus with special attractions by Janet Parker, Joe Kasparuk, Tom LaPlaca, Marie Wasik, and Marion Tunielewicz. Everyone enjoyed the wonderful talents. As amateurs, the participants considered the concert to be an experience of happy moments.

Soon Mr. Robillard solicited candidates for Prize-Speaking. Robert Young answered his call. He kept the audience in gales of laughter with his humorous selection, "Grandpa on the Front Porch."

We ended our busy second year in high school and longed for a cool, refreshing dip in the "old swimming hole."

Vacation was over and we regretfully put away our bathing suits. Now we were ready to begin another page in the story of the glorious Class of '51. We were jaunty Juniors now, and we expected a little more respect from the underclassmen. Somehow we've acquired a little "ego" in ourselves.

In due time we settled down to the serious business of electing class officers. When the results were tallied, the following were victorious:

President	Robert Johnson
Vice President	Janet Parker
Secretary and Treasurer	Josephine Chapla

Our class was not content to rest on its laurels and we went in search of new honors. We found our chance on the gridiron. Class members on the Varsity Squad were Tom LaPlaca, Jim Leamy, John Frac, Joe Fryzbyto, Ron Potter, Val Kasuba, Jim Mumford, and Bob Johnson. Jim Leamy received honorable mention on the Marble Valley League All-Star Team.

With the first few snow flurries, we were reminded of the coming winter --and basketball. Our class was well represented on the Varsity Squad by Leamy, Warzocha, Noonan and LaPlaca. West Rutland ended its Southern Vermont League games with a record of eight victories against eight defeats. Tournament time rolled around again, and gave the cheerleaders from our class a chance to cheer our boys on to their fifth State B Championship in six years. The cheerleaders were Pauline Orzech, Marie Wasik, and Kate Fitzsimmons. We overcame Bradford 44-36, and St. Michaels 41-31 in the Southern Vermont Tournament, and went on to defeat Northfield 45-42 in the finals. LaPlaca made the All-Tournament Team. Yeal Team! Yeal Coach Hinchey!

Our class members distinguished themselves in other extra-curricular activities, also. In December, Miss Bliss presented a Christmas Concert which was a great success.

Students from all classes were chosen and Janet Parker and Helen Haven expressed the best of their abilities in solo parts, while Bob Johnson and Bob Young contributed their efforts in a quartet.

Mr. Robillard's Athletic Play "For Pete's Sake" was a great show. Junior thespians were Bob Young, Jim Mumford, Pauline Orzech, Marie Wasik, Joe Kasprzak, and Kate Fitzsimmons. Will we ever forget Young's pipe!

June and commencement activities arrived together. Claire Battles represented our class in the Annual Prize Speaking Contest. Josephine Chapla represented our school at Girls' State, Tom LaPlaca was chosen for Boys' State. Jo was elected justice of the peace and Tom was elected auditor of accounts.

"For it's a long way from May to September". Most of our class would take issue on that point with the songwriter for our summer passed so quickly it seemed jet propelled. Believe it or not, we are now Seniors in this glorious fall of 1950.

There is a touch of regret in all our heart, for it seems only yesterday that we were green Freshmen, wandering through the halls with looks of bewilderment in our eyes. But we settled down to the business of school and elected the following class officers.

President	Bob Johnson
Vice President	Tom Egan
Secretary	Marion Tumielewicz
Treasurer	Joe Warzocha

This was to be our last chance to distinguish ourselves on the gridiron of W.R.H.S. and our class sent forth many stalwarts. Tom LaPlaca made the Marble Valley League and All State B Team. Jim Leamy and Joe Pryzbyto received 2nd team All State B berths, while Jim Mumford received honorable mention. Ray McNamara, John Frac, Val Kaszuba, Ron Potter, and Bob Johnson all played their last games for WRHS.

Coach Hinchey selected six seniors to defend our Class B Basketball Championship. Tom LaPlaca was elected captain. He was supported capably by Jim Leamy, Bob Noonan, Joe Warzocha, Val Kaszuba, and Joe Pryzbyto. We won the SVL "B" and State "B" crowns. Tom LaPlaca and Bob Noonan were chosen on the All-Tournament Team.

Cheering the boys to victory from our class were Marie Wasik, Pauline Orzech, Kate Fitzsimmons, Claire Battles, and Fran Pawlusiak. What a sensation they caused with their how ties! Their zest and spirit was commendable.

"What a Life", the Athletic Play under the direction of Mr. Francis Robillard kept the audience in their best spirits. Contributing to the merriment were Jim Mumford, Marie Wasik, Claire Battles, Kate Fitzsimmons, Tom LaPlaca, Pauline Orzech, Marion Tumielewicz, Bob Young, Joe Kasprzak, Bob Johnson, Harry Erickson, Mary Taran, and Ned Johnson. Memorable play highlights were Jim Mumford's hats, Bob Young drawn out "Yeesss?", and Pauline Orzech's famous Mae West entrance.

Now we have come to the end of the happiest four years of our life. We hope the years to come will be as full and as satisfying as these that have just past.

Marion Tumielewicz
Bob Johnson



PRESENTATIONS

Betty Balch--a box of stationery. We don't want you to run out in the midst of that important letter.

Eleanore Baginski--a book of true detective stories. Maybe this will keep you quiet for a while. You were always up to some mischief.

Claire Battles--a book of the latest fashions to help you with your designing problems.

Violet Brown--a noisemaker. Maybe this will help us know where you are. You always were so quiet.

Josephine Chapla--a dumbbell for your physical ed career. Nothing personal intended, Jo.

Kathleen Fitzsimmons--a mitten to keep your hand warm when you go away to school.

Dolores Hyjek--a bus ticket to Bellows Falls. Don't complain that you can't get there.

Helen Haven--a pencil. Now you will really be sharp on the opening day at business college.

Jacqueline Jacobs--an alarm clock. Maybe this will help you on those days you oversleep.

Catherine Kearney--a nursing school register. You had such a terrible time deciding on which one you wanted to attend.

Margaret Kearney--a book of dream boys. Maybe you can pick the right one from here, Maggie.

Anna Marchinkowski--chartreuse socks to match your chartreuse sweater.

Irene O'Bara--a yardstick. Now you can measure yourself and see if you have increased in height.

Pauline Orzech--a little black book. Wouldn't it be terrible if you got all those dates mixed up, Paulie.

Helen Parker--a drivers license. Now you can drive your father's car all you want and maybe you will have more passengers.

Janet Parker--a portable piano. Now you can practice whenever the mood stirs you.

Frances Pawlusiak--a red tricycle. You can ride instead of walking the lonely Causeway, Frances.

Elizabeth Putnam--a rolling pin to start that glorious house-keeping. You know that really is essential, Betty.

Leona Sobotka--a map of Kentucky with emphasis on Army camps. We all know you plan to go there, shortly.

Janet Stomper--a typing eraser. There always was a shortage of them when typing came around, wasn't there, Janet.

Charlotte Sevigny--a car all your own. Now you can go on all those pleasure trips you always wanted to.

Mary Taran--a puzzle. This ought to occupy your spare time. You always did complain about not having anything to do.

Marion Tumielewicz--a thermometer towards your nursing career. Now, you can really keep those future patients of yours up to par.

Therese Tretowicz--a tube of "Minute Rub" to use on those aching muscles after those nights of roller skating.

Marie Wasik--a book by William Shakespeare. You and Shakey always did get along well.

Josephine Witham--hair dye. Now they won't tease you about that natural blonde streak in your hair.

Thomas Egan--a sharp knife. This may be the first step in your surgical career.

Harry Erickson--a model airplane. The Senior Class made this after reading "Balsa Butcher".

Sven Erickson--overshoes. Now you can keep your feet dry, when you aren't bicycling.

Ronald Fadden--a hair ribbon. With that wave you really deserve this.

James Fitzgerald--a car. We always knew we could find you in Charlie's car, so here is one of your own.

Theodore Hector--eyelashes. To emphasize your pretty blue eyes.

Edward Johnson--a movie projector. Now you can go into business for yourself.

Robert Johnson--a ballot. You certainly got enough of them during your high school days.

Joseph Kasprzak--a mike. We know someday you'll make the nation-wide networks.

Valentine Kaszuba--a mustache. To replace your missing "pride and joy".

Thomas LaPlaca--a lock of hair. Blonde, you notice.

Joseph LaPlaca--a pack of Phillip Morris. No smoking on the field, Joe.

James Leamy--a balloon. To remind you of all those you broke helping to decorate the gym for senior dances.

Raymond McNamara--a scholarship to "Peter Pepper Prep".

James Mumford--an Oscar. After "Hold Everything", you deserve it.

Robert Noonan--a ruler. Now you can measure your daily height gain.

Ronald Potter--a governor, set at 35mph. Not that you need it, Ronnie.

Joseph Pryzbyto--a baseball. You should have something to remind you of your days as a famous West Rutland catcher.

Joseph Warzocha--hair tonic. To go with Mr. Hinchey's ammonia.

Joseph Wilk-- Popular Mechanics Magazine. Not that you need any instructions, Snitzy!

Robert Young-- an atomic egg collector. Need we say more?

Mr. Hinchey-- a bottle of ammonia. You told us it made your hair fall out. Maybe this brand will make it grow back in.

Mr. Zawistoski-- a nice new piece of chalk. Maybe it'll last next year's Algebra II class.

Miss Hinchey-- a string of beads. You can use them for next year's kindergarten section of senior class.

Miss Wysolmerski-- a medal of honor. This is a small token of our appreciation for helping us with our yearbook.

Miss Bliss-- a copy of the senior class song. You can always start a fire with it.

Mr. Robillard-- Niobe's voo-doo beans---in remembrance of the senior play. Need we say more??

Miss Scarlett-- a picture of Vermont scenery for your new home.

Miss Montgomery-- a pair of scissors. To replace those the seniors ruined decorating the gym.

Miss Dwyer-- a picture of the senior class. We hope you won't forget us.

Mr. Hyjek-- a broom. The senior boys broke so many of yours.

Robert Johnson

IMAGINE

Tom Egan without a book?

Harry Erickson serious?

Sven Erickson being noisy?

Ronald Fadden without his wave?

Teddy Hector with a girl?

Bob Johnson being bashful?

Joe Kasper playing a sax?

Val Kaszuba studying?

Jim Leamy hurrying?

Ray McNamara not helping out?

Jim Mumford on time?

Bob Noonan short and stout?

Ronnie Potter without an answer?

Joey Pryzbyto without a smile?

Joe Warzocha with curly hair?

Bob Young not in a jam?

Ned Johnson a city slicker?

Timmer LaPlaca without a girl?

Joe LaPlaca saying his prayers?

Snitzzy Wilk with a "hot-rod"?

Betty Balch minus her laugh?

Claire Battles not blowing up the chem lab?

PASTIMES

Jo Chapla not cooperative?

Katie Fitzsimmons without her phone calls?

Helen Haven in a bad mood?

Dolly Hyjek without a letter?

Jackie Jacobs a gloomy gus?

Kitty Kearney singing opera?

Anna Marchinkoski minus Frances?

Marie Wasik with waist length hair?

Leona Bobotka without two corsages at Easter?

Pauline Orzech not being a cheerleader?

Janet Parker doing her Algebra?

Helen Parker driving a tractor?

Franny Pawlusiak saying a cross word?

Betty Putnam not giggling?

Charlotte Sevigny with a driver's license?

Janet Stomper without a steady?

Mary Taran a famous artist?

Therese Tretowicz staying at home on Sunday nights?

Marion Tumielewicz singing jazz?

Jo Witham not being tired on Mondays?

Eleanore Baginski as a blonde?

Irene Obara not dancing?

Margaret Kearney wearing lipstick?

Jim FitzGerald next President of the U.S.?

Janet Parker

Eleanore Baginski has so many pastimes that relating them would require the publishing of a book. No wonder Eleanore was always on the run.

Betty Balch spent every minute of her spare time talking about her trip to Virginia. Camp Pickett is quite a place, isn't it Betty?

Claire Battles devoted part of her spare time to sewing. It seems that she makes all her clothes. Are you sure you sewed all the time, Claire?

Violet Brown just never had any spare time.

Josephine Chapla just loved to drive her brother's car back and forth in their driveway. You should be able to get your license before long, Josephine, or will your brother have to get a new car.

Thomas Egan had a rare pastime. He could have been trying out the speedometer on his father's car. How high did you strike it, Tommy?

Harry Erickson could be found working at the Joy Theatre. Maybe you'll be head man down there some day, Harry.

Sven Erickson spent most of his time in Rutland. He put a lot of faith in the old adage, "The grass is always greener in someone else's pasture".

Ronald Fadden devoted most of his time dreaming up ways of getting out of work.

James Fitzgerald spent his spare time at the Stagecoach. Guess he was trying to put "Roxie" out of business.

Kathleen Fitzsimmons spent all her spare time waiting for the bus. But, wait a minute----did you want to take the bus or meet someone on it, Katie?

Helen Haven always seemed to know the latest dancing steps. Do you plan to compete with Arthur Murray, Helen?

Teddy Hector was our ambitious student. He tried to keep the Center Rutland Cemetery clean. Guess he's planning of it for future reference.

Dolores Hyjek's chief pastime was day-dreaming! She constantly wondered why Bellows Falls had to be so far away.

Jacqueline Jacobs was really very industrious. The Telephone Company has her right in hand.

Edward Johnson could usually be found at the Joy Theatre where he helped to run the projector. Was your work your only interest, Ned?

Robert Johnson was usually found teasing the girls. They didn't seem to mind did they, Bob?

Joseph Kasprzak is heard quite often on the radio station WHWB. When are you going to tackle T.V., Joe?

Valentine Kaszuba saved his energy for the basketball court.

Catherine Kearney was the leading customer at the Joy Theatre. Catherine enjoyed the amusing and relaxing pastime.

Margaret Kearney was seen most of the time in that little old green Dodge. Do you wonder why she is the best driver in the class?

Joseph LaPlaca could usually be found waiting for aride home after school. Shoe rationing is over, Joe.

Thomas LaPlaca seemed to have two interests, basketball and girls.

James Leamy spent his spare moments dreaming of the day when he will be All-American End.

Anne Marchinkoski was our top number one working girl! It was impossible for Anna to sit around idle; she just had to be doing something.

Raymond McNamara spent most of his time running errands for Mr. Hinchey.

James Mumford usually could be found in the A&P parking lot, either parking cars or impersonating Joe Louis.

Robert Noonan never seemed to hear the teachers' questions in class. Perhaps he was thinking of those trips to Barre.

Irene O'Bara's pastime was fixing her hair. She certainly obstructed traffic in the lockers.

Pauline Orzech spent every minute of her spare time keeping track of a two-toned Pontiac. It really kept you busy, didn't it "Polka".

Helen Parker has kept her pastimes all to herself. Well, secrets must be secrets.

Janet Parker spent the greatest share of her time reading sports magazines. She was bound no boy would out-talk her on sports.

Frances Pawlusiak occupied the balcony of the gym all during basketball season. My-it was disgusting when you had to leave to cheer, wasn't it Frannie?

Ronald Potter was frequently found walking on the Ira road. Wonder why? He lives there.

Betty Putnam spent her time thumbing through joke books. She is the author of a few rare ones.

Joseph Pryzbyto spent much of his time watching the clock. What do you do in your spare time, Joe?

Charlotte Sevigay tried to keep every one in town healthy. How? Why, she will soon take over the Sevigay's Pharmacy on the corner of Main and Marble Streets.

Leona Sobotka passes away her spare time either by bothering Mr. Hinchey, or else thinking of a few choice ways thru which she could blow up the chem lab.

Janet Stomper was kept busy working on the family's new house. Between that and writing letters, Jan never had another spare moment.

Mary Tarn told us that she roller skated in her spare time, but of course, we all know that such a constant pastime had a definite point behind it.

Therese Tretowicz took many long walks. Were you only looking at nature, Therese?

Marion Tumielewicz spent most of her time explaining the element of Algebra II to most of the senior class. Thanks, Marion, for helping us get through.

Joseph Warzocha took obvious pleasure in giving Mr. Zawistowski a hard time. His very logical answer to why A=B was "That's why!"

Marie Wasik spent her extra minutes in thinking of how she could get out of those horrid English Literature tests. Mr. Shakespeare and Miss Wasik just didn't agree on certain theories.

Joseph Wilk spent most of his spare time thinking up jokes to tell in class.

Josephine Witham always found time to ride in a gray Pontiac; she could also drive her brother's truck.

Robert Young spent his noon hours giving driving lessons. The poor, poor Chevie.

Helen Haven
Thomas Egan

PROPHET

TITLE: WEST OF OTTER CREEK (SEQUEL TO SOUTH PACIFIC)
SETTING: BROADWAY
TIME: 1971

The glitter of all the lights on Broadway make a striking appearance as people throng into nightclubs and theatres.

In a certain theatre, the lights are softly dimming; and an arrival is made by a striking couple. They are shown to their seats in Aisle A. The charmingly-gowned woman is none other than Kitty Kearney, and her handsome escort is Joe Pryzbyto.

"Kitten", says Joe, "That usher looks familiar. It couldn't be Harry Erickson, could it?" "Yes, it is Harry!" Harry, a tall, handsome lad, looks so sleek in his neatly-pressed uniform. After the surprising but most delightful greetings are exchanged, Harry escorts Kitty and Joe to their seats.

As they glance through the program, they find quite a few familiar names. First of all, Marie Wasik, Jim Mumford, and Robert Young are making their debut. Seems a long time since they played in "Hold Everything", back in dear old West Rutland. Little did Mr. Robillard know what potential thespians he was coaching.

As they read on, they discover that Eli Baginski has designed the scenery and programs, and Claire Battles has created all of the actresses' gowns.

The spotlight dims, and the orchestra strikes a crescendo. The conductor, Joe Kasper, brings the opening number to a triumphant close. The outstanding members of his orchestra are Janet Parker, Therese Tretowicz, and Janet Stomper. Their special feature is their own arrangement of "We Are From Marbletown", on their Triple Pianos. What professional musicians they appear to be!

As the play is about to commence, the stage manager, Jim Leamy appears on the stage. Why---he's kept his old job; but the West Rutland Town Hall seems a far cry from the famous St. James' Theatre. He raises his hands for silence and asks

if there is a doctor in the house. There has been a slight accident backstage, "Porky" Warzocha, the stage-light operator, has tripped over the wiring and wrenched an ankle. Dr. Thomas Egan promptly saunters down the aisle. Dr. Egan appears well-to-do judging from the size of the diamond stick pin in his cravat. The goatee really makes him look continental. After a slight delay, the show goes on.

As the curtain slowly parts, the famous "Marblettes" go into their precision routine. Their gaily-colored costumes blend in well with the scenery and lights. Heading the line are Renie OBara, and ably supporting her are Fran Pawlusiak, Jo Witham, and Katie Fitzsimmons. As the chorus fades out, the spot-light is centered on the eminent dancer, Pauline Orzech. The music softens; the star-like spotlight is focused upon her graceful self; and the lithe figure majestically pirouettes into the center of the floor.

This passes quickly and intermission is here. Lights come on and as the people mill into the lobby, Kitty is jostled by a heavy-set man, Skinny Noonan. Awed by this coincidence of finding another classmate, Kitty stops for a brief chat. She learns that Bob is President of the New York Yankee Ball Club. Under his management are Tom LaPlaca, his star pitcher, who has been chosen the outstanding player in the American League. Joe LaPlaca is his very able bat-boy. Kitty also discovers that Ted Hector has succeeded Ted Williams. An important game is coming up against the Boston Red Sox. This team, by the way, is managed by a woman for the first time in baseball history. Margaret Kearney possesses this position; of course this isn't too much of a surprise, for Margaret always was interested in sports.

Entranced with the success of her former classmates, Kitty ventures into the powder room. Another happy moment!! Two more classmates!! Here she encounters Lee Sobotka conversing with Marion Tumielewicz. Lee has married a four-star general who is away on a secret mission. Marion holds the position of Superintendent of Nurses at Burbank Hospital. Marion started her career a few years ago at this particular place.

Harry then appears and makes the announcement that the second act is to get under way. The clear tone of his voice seems like those good old days at West Side when Harry was such a good orator. Immediately the shuffling of the foot-steps echo through the hall as the people stroll to their seats.

All eyes are on the velvety draped stage. A special spotlight is cast on the producer, Bobo Johnson. Bobo announces, "I have been informed that several of my classmates from W.R.H.S., by strange coincidence, are present at this play tonight. It will be very pleasant to have a "get-together" at "The Couquette", after the performance. Inciden-

tally, this nightclub is owned by Jo Chapla, who has prospered greatly, since we know her back in '51. After contacting her, the "Green and Gold Room" has been reserved for her former fellow students and escorts. We hope that everyone will accept this invitation. Will then---on with the show."

The curtain parts once more and the play continues, with the stars giving laudable performances.

After the play they taxied to "The Couquette", in a cab driven by Joe Wilk. All of his vehicles are Cadillacs, and the head drivers of his feet are Sven Erickson and Ronald Fadden.

At the nightclub, the members of the class of '51 have their wraps checked by Helen Haven and Dolores Hyjek, two charming classmates. Ray McNamara enters with two girls, one on each arm. They are none other than Jackie Jacobs, and Char Seigny. Both girls are draped in ermine. Ray seems to be doing very well for himself.

The major-domo conducts Kitty and Joe to their table. He assists Kitty to her seat with respectful ceremony. He places a menu before each. "Do you wish to order now?" The soft voice and suave manner seem somewhat familiar. Scrutinizing the waiter more closely, much to his astonishment, Joe finds that it is Jim Fitzgerald. "Why, Jim, who would think that you would work in such an exclusive nightclub. You certainly have come a long way since your hotdog stand at the "Stage-Coach". What a happy group we see her, chatting gaily over episodes of those memorable teen-age years.

Later, the hostess, Jo Chapla, has a pleasant surprise for her former classmates. She asks for silence. "To climax this wonderful reunion, we have two more guests, I'm sure everyone will enjoy seeing. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hinchey, who have stopped here enroute for the Army-Navy game at West Point. (Mr. Hinchey is still trying to get tips on how to make his football teams champions.)

As Kitty and Joe amble about the ballroom, they spot Betty Balch, Helen Parker, and Violet Brown busily engaged in a conversation with Anna Marchinkoski and Betty Putnam. Their handsome escorts are nonchalantly gazing about the room while the girls busily recall their pasts. Betty, Helen and Violet now are prosperous hair stylists--but this is no surprise for their hair always looked neat and trim back in W.R. H.S. They learn that Anna and Betty are co-owners of a chain of r. line livery shops. As time elapsed, Mary Taran and Ron Potter walk in--one would never suspect that they were the most famous surgeons in the country.

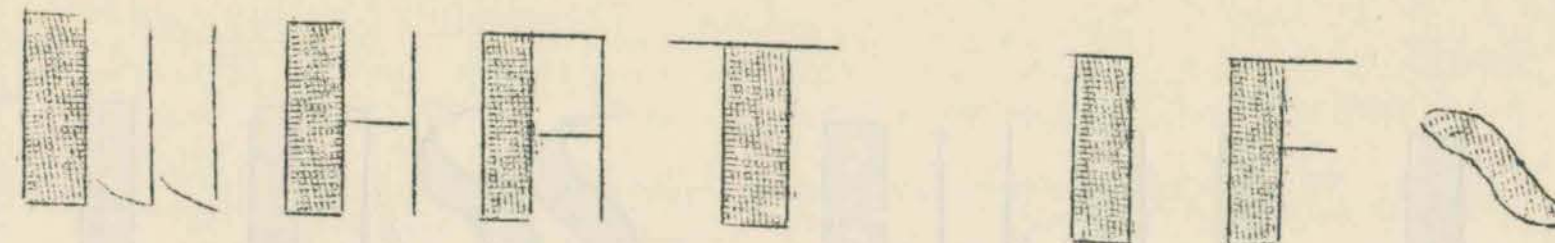
As flashbulbs snap about the club, Kitty and Joe notice the two outstanding photographers, Ned Johnson, and "Scraps"

Kaszuba.

From out of the corner of the room the band strikes up the old class song, "Finimus Coepturi". Everyone joins in the spirit of making this reunion a joyous occasion, singing the song of his Alma Mater. Thus fate seemed to have stepped in, and the debut of Marie, J., and Robert in the Broadway Hit, "West of Otter Creek," resulted in an unforeseen reunion.

After fond and somewhat reluctant farewells are exchanged, the members of the class of '51 leave, promising to meet in the near future.

Mary Taran



Eleanore was a "Wagon" instead of a "Buggy".

Claire was "Peace" instead of "Battles".

Violet was "Black" instead of "Brown".

Fitzsimmons was true to "Lee" instead of "Grant".

Helen was a "Harbor" instead of a "Haven".

Kearney was "Doggy" instead of a "Kitty".

Orzech was a "Jitterbug" instead of a "Polka".

Janet and Helen were "Drivers" instead of "Parkers".

Charlotte was a "Giant" instead of a "PeeWee".

Mary was "Cutting" instead of "Taran".

Tunielewicz was "Engaged" instead of "Marion".

Marie "Is Sick" instead of "Wasik".

Erickson was "Baldy" instead of "Harry".

Joe was "Milquetoast" instead of "Kasper".

Kaszuba was a "Christmas Card" instead of a "Valentine".

Leamy was a "Whistler" instead of a "Toutie".

McNamara was a "Beam" instead of a "Ray".

Chesty was a "Loud Buick" instead of a "Mum-ford".

Noonan was "Tubby" instead of "Skinny".

Robert was "Old" instead of "Young".

Jo was "Without-em" instead of "Witham".

Jimmy had "BadSpells" instead of "Fitz-(gerald)".

Obara was "Uncle" instead of "Anty".

CLASS WILL

Eleonore Baginski wills her title of "Mayor" to whomever can qualify for this honor. We never did find out how Buggy rated this caption.

Betty Balch hands over her seat on the Castleton bus to Betty Ann Brough. The Yearbook wouldn't be the same without this presentation.

Claire Battles leaves her large assortment of belts to Adele Stokes. Once you get those, Adele, you'll always be right in style.

Violet Brown transmits her intelligence in salesmanship class to Nancy Baker. Violet was always on the beam and answered every question in class. If we know you, Nancy, it should be easy for you, too.

Josephine Chapla wills her dark-rimmed glasses to Jane Broza. There was your constant begging for her permission to try them on, and seeing she is graduating, you may have them.

Thomas Egan leaves a full size picture of himself to the sophomore girls. Now you can stop drooling, kids.

Harry Erickson wills his collection of model airplanes to Ed Ciebutowski.

Sven Erickson leaves his quietness to offset Gene Wasik's noisiness.

Ronald Fadden wills his wavy hair to Peppy Vacarrella. You have got three years to train your "butch" to acquire this everlasting wave.

James Fitzgerald, after much thought, has decided against leaving anything behind him but a memory.

Kathleen Fitzsimmons gives her neat blond hair to Ruthie Lengol. Hope you have as little trouble as Kate did, Ruth.

Helen Haven leaves her giggle to her sister, Shirley. You might as well keep it in the family, kids.

Theodore Hector leaves his football shoulders to all the on-coming gridiron prospects.

Dolores Hyjek just wants to leave and take up nursing.

Jacqueline Jacobs bestows her sense of humor on Helen Hier. Jackie kept us amused all year long.

Edward Johnson bequeaths his position at the Joy Theatre to David Seigny. That's one way to see the movies free, Dave.

Robert Johnson leaves his defiant strut and ability to distract the study hall with his strenuous noseblowing sessions.

Joseph Kasprzak leaves his musical ability and time on WHWB to John Hyjek.

Val Kaszuba leaves, but not willingly. He hates to think of parting with Jean Berg. Oh, well, it isn't so far away Scraps.

Catherine Kearney passes over her big soap eraser to the senior algebra class. Who knows, it might last for generations, and bear an inscription of your name.

Margaret Kearney endows her ability in driving to Mary Ann Sobotka. Just be on the lookout for state troopers or you'll end up behind the "eight ball", Mary Ann.

Joseph LaPlaca has resolved to leave Damien Vaccarella his five o'clock shadow.

Tom LaPlaca leaves his collection of date books to Beaver Orzech. Now you can keep them in the family to avoid possible confusion.

James Leamy leaves his habit of taking his time about everything to anyone who hurries. Toutie's theory was: "You will get there faster if you slow down."

Anne Marchinkoski bequeaths her punctuality in attending high school dances to Janet McGinley. Believe us, we enjoyed your school spirit.

Ray McNamara leaves to Frog Bianchi his position as side-kick to Mr. Hinchey. You've certainly got a good start Jack.

James Mumford leaves to any "Romeo" what he calls his heart-breaking ability.

Robert Noonan leaves his height to Jim Tiraboschi. No school is complete without a Mutt and Jeff.

Irene O'Bara cedes Poppy, the great basketball hero, to Alice Ann Fish. Anty will be gone next year, and there is your chance to use your charm, Alice Ann.

Pauline Orzech entrusts her flashy orange socks to any member of the junior class who claims them first. We always thought them to be quite "The Thing".

Helen Parker departs with the thrills which she recieved while dancing with Richard Pecor. Maybe some of you Freshmen girls will find out what we mean.

Janet Parker wills her musical talent to Mary Theresa Pietryka. Maybe you will be another Beethoven, Mary.

Frances Pawlusiak hands over her position on the cheering squad to Sonia Hector. Now the team will be able to win every game.

Ronald Potter departs for Granville where his interests lie. Now we understand why Ronnie always had that dreamy look in his eyes on Mondays. Weekends are a blessing, aren't they, Ron?

Joe Pryzbyto leaves his good nature to Ray Pluta. You've a good start already Ray. Just keep it up and you'll succeed

Elizabeth Putnam leaves her light green alpaca jacket to Julia Kaszuba. Then there won't be any trouble finding you. You might even resemble a green stop sign at a distance.

Charlotte Seigny endows her ability in catching Mr. Hinchey's attention in chemistry class to Betty Hewitt. What is your secret technique, PeeWee?

Leona Sobotka bequeaths her task of going daily to the post office for mail from a certain fellow, to any girl who can be as true as Leona.

Janet Stomper bestows her skill in shorthand class to Joan Oskoski. Maybe you'll be Miss Scarlett's A pupil, Joan.

Mary Taran wills her accurate Bulova watch to Frannie Wasik. Maybe this will serve as a reformer and get you to school on time, Fran.

Therese Tretowicz leaves her love for roller-skating to Jo Anne Gilligan. You seem to enjoy the time you spend at Meadowbrook, Jo.

Marion Tumielewicz leaves her copy of "Anchors Away" to anyone who has a yearning for the sea.

Joe Warzocha leaves his unfathomable brain to the Algebra II Class. Porky always did get very logical answers.

Marie Wasik leaves her list of correspondents to Doris McIntyre. We hope you like letter writing because Marie had enough to form a Lonely Hearts Club.

Joseph Wilk leaves his ability as driving instructor to whom ever can fill the bill.

Josephine Witham gives her job at F.W. Woolworth to Mary Jane Burns. You better get a supply of Epsom salts to soak Your aching feet in, Mary.

Robert Young borrows his boots on Dick Chapman. You See, Dick still has two more years to plow through. Bob made it, and we hope you will, too, Dickie.

To the Faculty we bequeath the Junior Class. We hope they cause you as little trouble as we did.

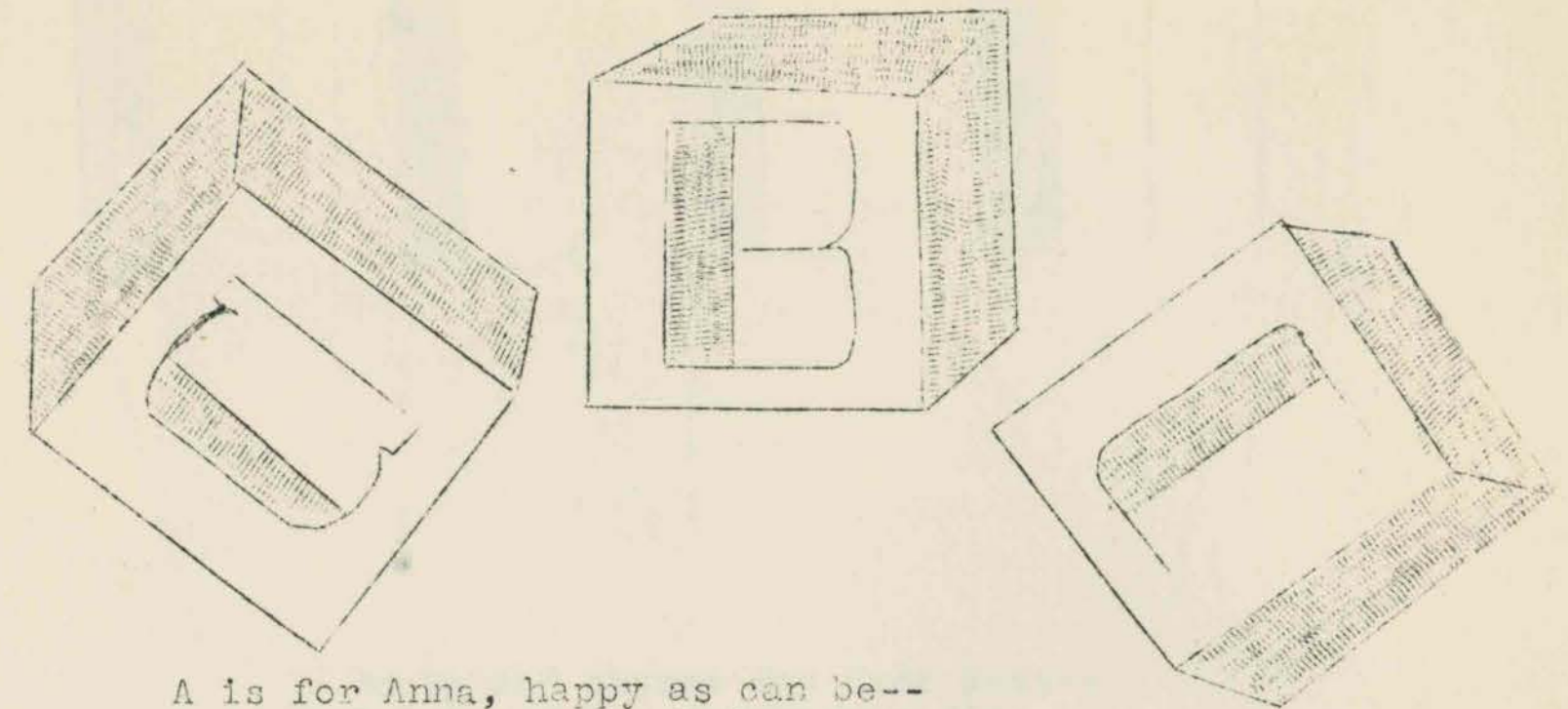
To the Junior Class we leave the library to be cataloged. Somehow we never did quite get around to finishing it.

To the Sophomore Class we pass over our voices and the memory of "Hershey Bar."

To the Freshmen Class we hand down the reminder that you still have three years left, but don't give up for we made it.

Signed, sealed, and published by the Class of '51 as its last will and testament. In testimony whereof, we place our signatures this thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifty-one.

Jo Chapla, of the County of Rutland
Ron Potter, of the County of Rutland



A is for Anna, happy as can be--

B is for Betty, two of them have we.

C is for Chapla, a cute little lass--

D is for Dolores, helpful in class.

E is for Egan, whose coming we herald--

F is for Fitz---simmons and---gerald.

G stands for gay, which we try to be--

H is for Haven on our dance committee.

I is for Irene, faithful indeed--

J is for the Johnsons--both blond as you can see.

K is for Kasper, our musician so fine--

L is for Leamy from our football line.

M is for Marion, she'll never be outclassed--

N is for Noonan, in basketball so fast.

O is for Orzech and her dignified ways--

P is for Parker and the piano she plays.

Q is for quizzes, we have quite a few--

R is for the Roberts; We've three instead of two.

S is for Snitzzy and his brother's new car--

T is for Timmer always up to par.

U is for us and our happy school "daze"--

V is for vacation remembered always.

W is for Westside whose fame is widespread--

X is for "Xams", the things we all dread.

Y is for this yearbook, which we'll never forget--

Z is for zeal, we have plenty, you bet!

D. Hyjek
H. Erickson
T. Hector

POEM

Youth and charms may fade away--
Our hopes and dreams may die;
But ever fond and proud we'll be
Of dear West Rutland High.

Happy hours of high school days
And friends so well we knew--
Will remain in memory
As fortunes we pursue.

But now we shall be merry
For life has just begun;
O Lord, please Bless and Keep us
The Class of Fifty-one.

Raymond McNamara

Youth and charm may fade away--
 Our hopes and dreams may die;
 But even then and when we'll be
 Of dear West Rutland High.

 Happy hours of high school days
 And friends as well as these--
 Will remain in memory
 As forever we pursue.

 But now we shall be merry
 For life has just begun;
 O Lord, please bless and keep us
 The Class of Fifty-one.

Raymond Holmstrom



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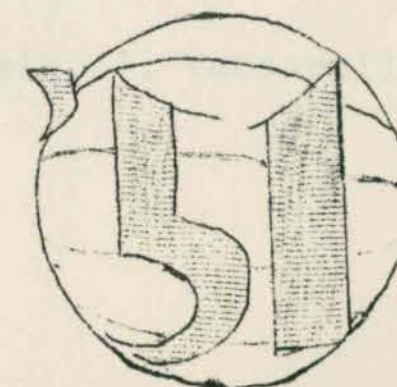
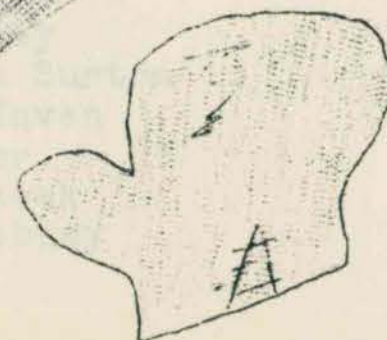
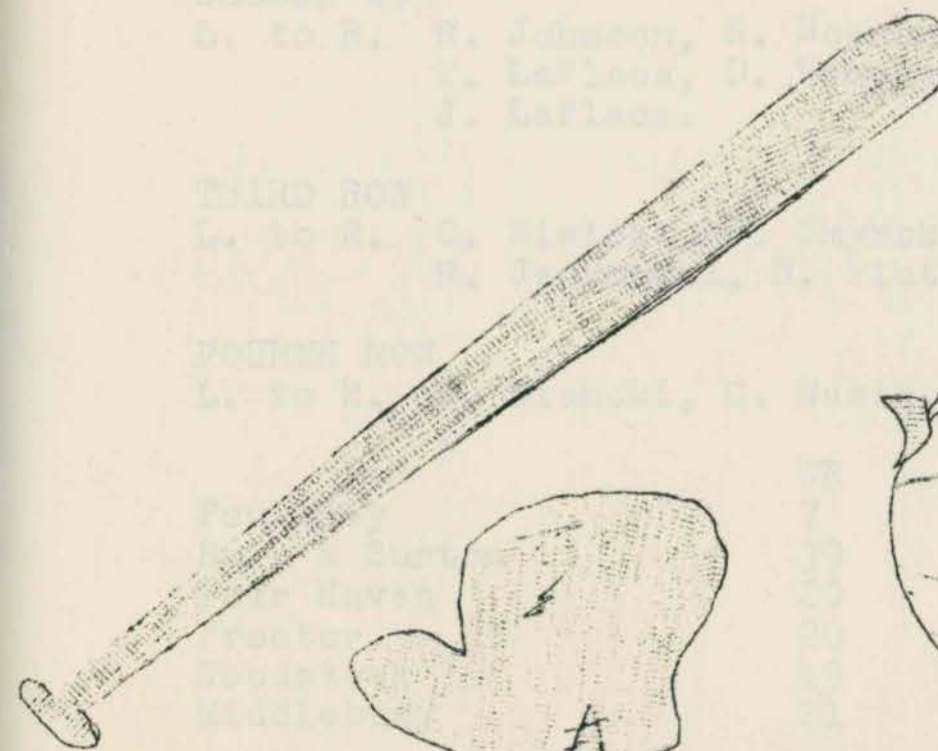
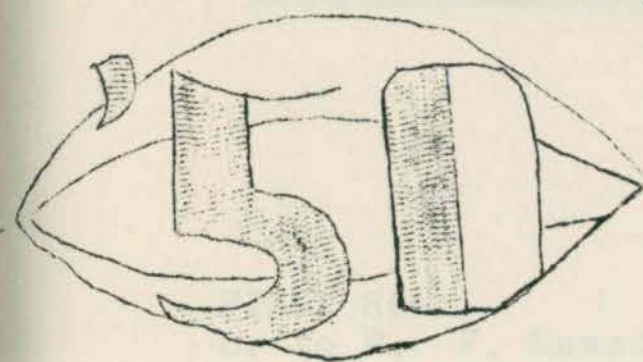
- J. Chapla
- F. Pawlusiak
- J. Parker
- K. Fitzimmons
- C. Battles
- P. Orzech
- M. Tumielewicz
- M. Wasik
- R. Young
- J. Kasprzak
- R. Johnson
- J. Mumford
- R. Potter

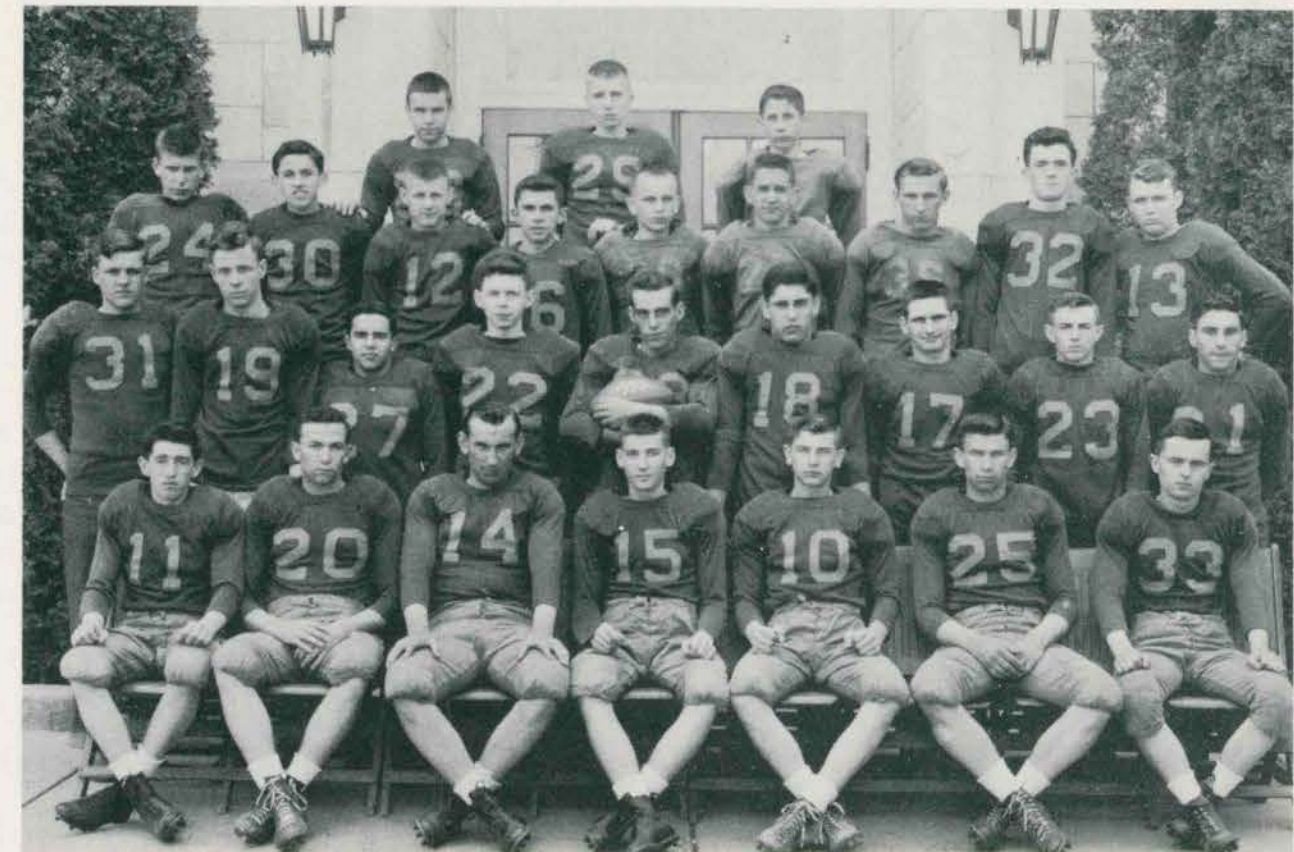
Directed by: Francis L. Robillard





SPORTS





FOOTBALL SQUAD

FIRST ROW

L. to R. V. Kaszuba, J. McCormack, J. Frac, R. McNamara,
R. Potter, J. Pryzbyto, J. Leamy.

SECOND ROW

L. to R. R. Johnson, R. Noonan, D. Seigny, J. Mumford,
T. LaPlaca, D. Vaccarella, T. Drop, E. Gallagher,
J. LaPlaca.

THIRD ROW

L. to R. C. Siwicki, J. Smyrski, J. Warzocha, S. Sankowski,
R. Jankowski, R. Pluta, W. Rosmus, R. Herbert.

FOURTH ROW

L. to R. J. Biancki, G. Wasik, J. Vaccarella.

	WR	OPP.
Poultney	7	12
Burr & Burton	39	7
Fair Haven	20	7
Proctor	20	6
Woodstock	19	12
Middlebury	21	7



V. Salengo
R. Noonan
T. LaPlaca
H. Poplaski
J. Leamy
Mgr. D. Seigny

J. Warzocha
L. Bartlett
C. Siwicki
J. Pryzbyto
V. Kaszuba
Asst. Mgr. J. LaPlaca

	W.R.	Opp.
Alumni	34	36
Pittsford	65	10
Pittsford	51	20
Proctor	37	38
Poultney	46	32
Poultney	51	41
Proctor	43	36
Curtis	31	30
Bellows Falls	58	34
Mt. St. Joseph	43	42
Brattleboro	44	53
Rutland	39	44
Springfield	50	54
Bennington	48	51
St. Michael's	38	37
Mt. St. Joseph	41	34
Brattleboro	46	41
Rutland	29	39
Springfield	53	56
Bennington	39	59
St. Michael's	53	40
Bellows Falls	45	43

Football Season

As August of 1950, set in the beauty of the fall foliage, approached, everyone was eagerly awaiting football. This was our last year and we were all out to set a good example for the lower classmen. Our class was represented by Ron Potter, John Frac, Tom LaPlaca, Robert Noonan, Bob Johnson, Jim Leamy, Joe Pryzbyto, Val Kaszuba, Joe Warzocha, and Jimmy Mumford. These rugged men proceeded to lead our team to its best season in seven years.

Our traditional rival Poultney was our first opponent. Although we lost this game by a score of 12-7, the fans were excited by the tremendous fight of the Horde.

Our next rival was Burr and Burton. We finally showed our powerful passing and running attack by really defeating them by a score of 34-7. The second loss of the season was sustained at the hands of the power-laden Fair Haven team. On the following Saturday we met Woodstock, and resulted in losing the game. We did however, defeat the Proctor team.

The final week of the season was now upon us and we still possessed that same pre-season drive. Middlebury arrived with a huge team but we upset them by a score of 20-7. All in all, this on the whole proved to be a rather successful season. We had scored more touchdowns than the teams of '48 and '49 put together.

The selections of the Marble Valley League All Star Team and All-State was eagerly awaited. Our team was represented by LaPlaca on the Marble Valley League Team, who also made the All-State First Team. Leamy and Pryzbyto made the Second team, while Mumford received an Honorable Mention. The underclassmen will remember always the class of '51 as great football "Warriors".

J. Mumford

Tournament Time

West Rutland started the tournament off to a good start by defeating Vergennes easily in the semi-finals by a score of 63-30.

In the finals West Rutland won its sixth Class B championship of the Southern Vermont League by outclassing a fast and scrappy Poultney team, 51-38. The high scorers were Tom LaPlaca, Bob Noonan, both of Westside, and Kenny Potter of Poultney. The fast pace set by the Golden Horde began to wear the "Blue Devils" down in the second quarter. The best tribute paid to victorious West Rutland came from Coach Ratcliffe of the losing Poultney team. He said, "My boys played their best game of the season against West Rutland."

By winning the finale, West Rutland gained the right to move on to the B finals at Barre on Friday night where they met the northern B title holder, Waterbury, which nipped Peoples Academy at Burlington.

It was an "old story" when Captain Thomas LaPlaca received the Vermont Headmasters' Club trophy on behalf of his school from Principal Dascomb P. Rowe of Waterbury, club president. The All-Tourney Class B players were LaPlaca and Noonan of West Rutland; Lee Houghton of Arlington; Kenny Potter, captain, and Phil Maslack, of Poultney.

The Barre outing brought to a colorful close the court performances of Captain Tommy LaPlaca, Jimmy Leamy, Bobby Noonan, Val Kaszuba, Joe Pryzbyto, and Joe Warzocha, all seniors who appeared in a Golden Horde uniform for the last time. To them and their teammates it was a contest of major importance.

During the long season, the West Siders have racked up 15 victories, eight defeats, and the sixth Southern Vermont crown in the last seven seasons. The sixth championship of the state, which was won by West Rutland, wrote the finale to a brilliant 1951 campaign.

West Rutland defeated Waterbury by the score of 48-37 which made the West Siders very happy including the very able and well-liked coach, Francis Hinchey.

R. Potter
R. Young



BASEBALL

FIRST ROW

L. to R. H. Poplaski, T. LaPlaca, J. Pryzbyto, J. Mumford,
T. Drop.

SECOND ROW

L. to R. Mgr. R. Young, J. LaPlaca, L. Bartlett, J. Mc Cormack,
D. Vaccarella, R. Potter, R. Noonan.

THIRD ROW

L. to R. R. DelBianco, R. Pluta, G. Lengol.

SCORES

	W	T
Wallingford	8	2
Middlebury	11	3
Fair Haven	Rained Out	
Brandon	13	3
MSJ	11	2
Burr & Burton	5	4
MSJ	6	1
Poultney	6	2
Pittsford	1	1
Ludlow	1	1
Proctor	1	1
Fair Haven	1	1



Capt. P.Orzech, Frances Pawlusiak, Claire Battles
Anne Bishop, Marie Wasik, Kathleen Fitzsimmons.

CHEERLEADER'S POEM

In green and gold, so spry and keen,
Cheering and shouting we oft could be seen--
Bringing victory as always before
Stopping at nothing, demanding much more.

For Skinny, Timmer, and Toutie we've shouted;
For Valvie, Poppy and Porky we've routed--
Without winning we've tried not to depart
This truly can be said with a proud heart.

Five of the cheerleaders now leave these pleasures,
Each with a fond memory which she treasures--
For pleased we are with our high school days
And the honor they have brought us in many ways.

Paulie Orzech
Marie Wasik

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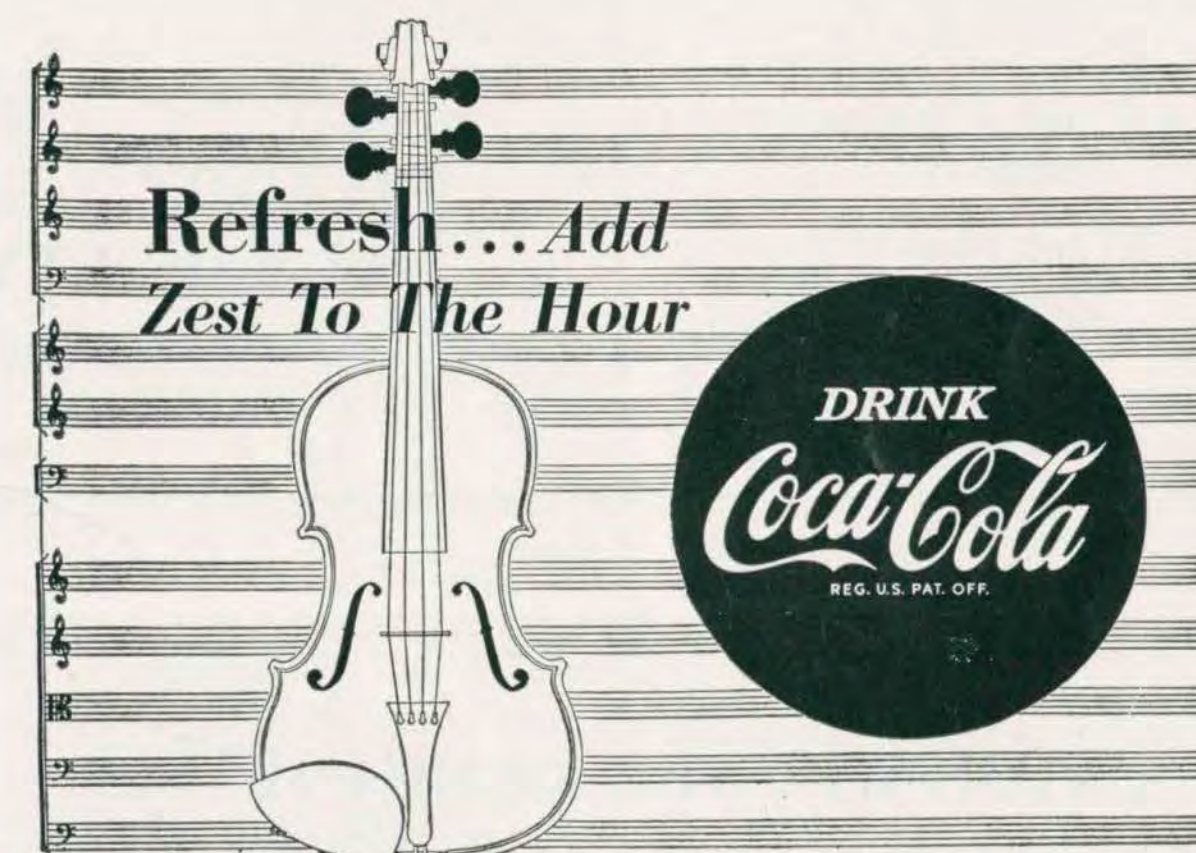
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